

VOL. 8 No. 6

NOVEMBER

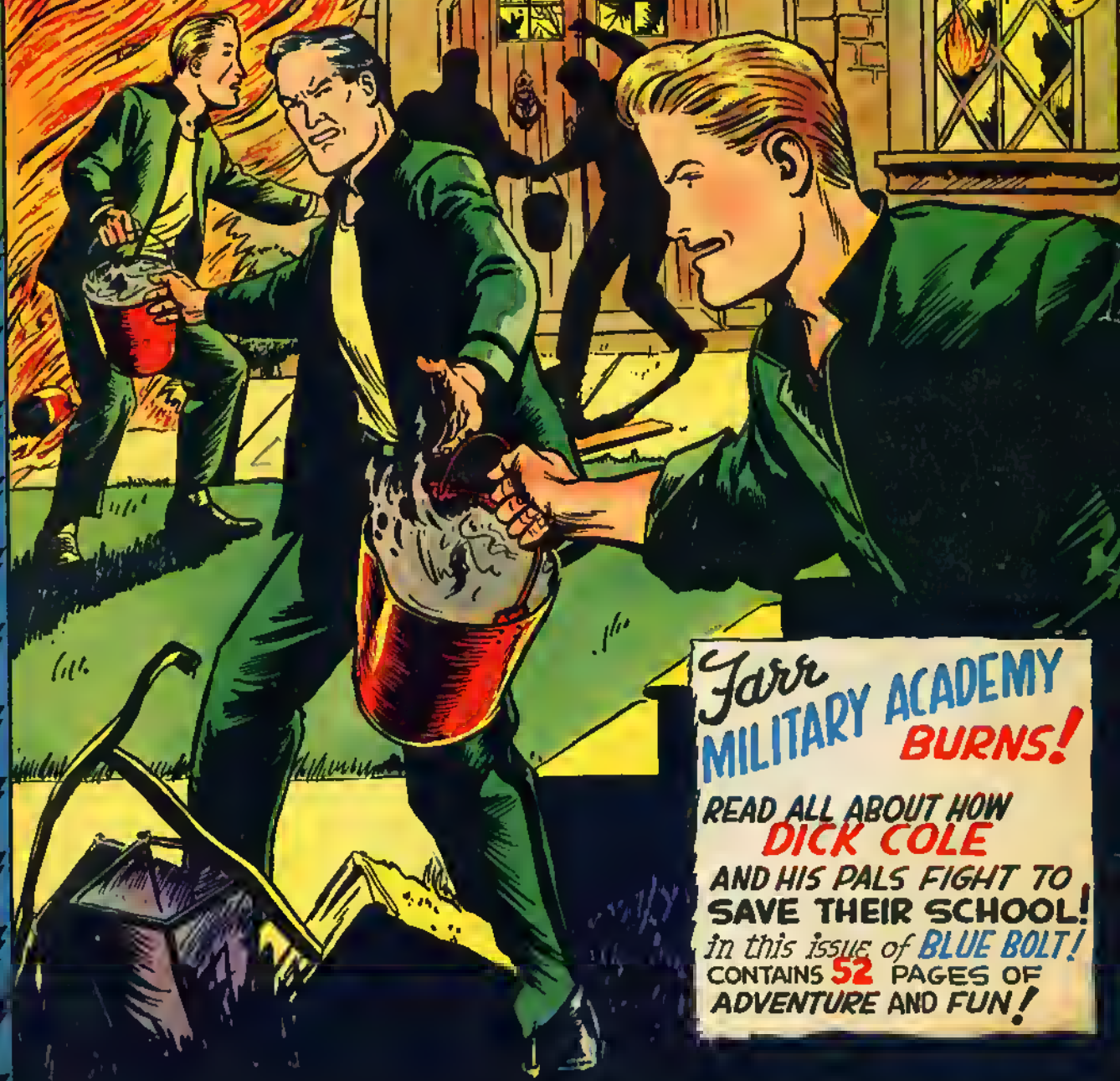
10¢



BLUE BOLT

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FARR MILITARY ACADEMY



**Farr
MILITARY ACADEMY
BURNS!**

READ ALL ABOUT HOW
DICK COLE

AND HIS PALS FIGHT TO
SAVE THEIR SCHOOL!
In this issue of **BLUE BOLT!**
CONTAINS **52** PAGES OF
ADVENTURE AND FUN!

[illegible]

BLUE BOLT FLASHES

NOTE FROM THE EDITORS:

Don't forget our government's Savings Bond Campaign. We citizens can help avoid hard times by storing up our extra money now—Buy Bonds. Save for your own future security and the security of our nation.

Here is a group of good letters from readers, with our answers beneath. Keep writing, gang, and we'll keep trying to please you.

THE READERS WRITE:

Dear Editors:

Let me congratulate you for the fine work done on the cover of the June issue of BLUE BOLT. It was an ideal picture for the baseball season. The colors were perfect, and I thought the picture of "Dick Cole" was simply divine.

I also thought the stories were outstanding. My favorite characters are "Dick Cole," "Blue Bolt," and "Edison Bell." I can't say I hate "Krisko and Jasper," but they are pretty silly.

I would like to see a movie of "Dick Cole." I think it would be even more outstanding than the comic feature.

Truly yours,
Keith Hall
Los Angeles, California

We're glad you liked the baseball cover, Keith. Would our other readers like more covers featuring sports?

* * *

Dear Editors:

I write to you so you may know that even in this faraway part of America we receive your comics and enjoy them.

I like your stories very much, but I am surprised that all the crooks and bad people in "Dick Cole" are black-haired, because there also are blond crooks, you know.

Adiós amigos, y gracias sincermente.
Yours truly,
Alfredo Calvez Moran
Guatemala City,
Guatemala, C. A.

The crooks in BLUE BOLT are not all intentionally black-haired, Alfredo. In past issues, we have shown crooks with many different types of physical appearance.

* * *

Dear Sirs:

I like "Dick Cole," "Edison Bell," "Sergeant Spook," and "Fearless Fellers" the best, but the others are good, too.

I especially like the Q's and A's because last week in school we were hav-

ing English and I remembered the plural of thieves from question II, which made me get an A in English.

A faithful reader,
Don Teague
Lawton, Oklahoma

If you have any good questions for BLUE BOLT Q's and A's, Don, why don't you send them in to us?

* * *

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading the Volume 8, Number 1, issue of BLUE BOLT. I was reading and trying to answer the questions when I decided to send in a suggestion. I don't like to have to turn the book upside down. My suggestion is that you put the question on the right-hand side of the page and the answer right side up on the left-hand side of the following page. You would then have to turn a page over to see the answer, but it would be right side up.

Yours truly,
Everitt Dunlap
Lawton, Oklahoma

Thanks for your suggestion, Everitt. Perhaps our readers will let us know what they think of it.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have just read the March 1947 issue of BLUE BOLT, and have got the April number as well, which were among a packet that a kind U.S. cousin sent me. I have had many such packets during the last two or three years and I thought you might like to have an Englishman's (age nearly 43) opinion of BLUE BOLT. I think it heats most, if not all, of the many other titles I have had. The only feature I don't care for is "Sergeant Spook," because it is supernatural, but I'm glad you don't go in for flying men. I like "Dick Cole" very much and the "Bolts and Nuts" pages are splendid. I like the questions and answers, too. Jolly good value for ten cents these days. Another thing I

like about BLUE BOLT is that the stories are all complete in each issue which means a lot to one who doesn't get every number.

One of our M.P.'s said in the House of Commons the other day that he thought these American comics were unsuitable for English children, and I'm inclined to agree with him as regards some of them, but I can't see anything harmful in BLUE BOLT. So I hope my cousin will always include BLUE BOLT in her packets of magazines and also hope you will keep it up to the present high standard. I really can't think of any way of improving it, except perhaps by running a puzzle or competition page. But, of course, your magazine is chiefly for youngsters and that might not interest them. I have some nephews who are very fond of reading them. With my very best wishes,

Yours truly,
B. Tabram
Horseheath, Cambs.

Thank you, B. Tabram, for that excellent letter. Occasionally you may find a puzzle in BLUE BOLT.

* * *

Dear Editors:

Ever since I got the first issue of BLUE BOLT comics, I have tried not to miss a copy. I trade books with my girl friends and they are always glad to get my BLUE BOLT books.

I think the illustrations are very clear and the printing is easy to read. I like the stories of "Dick Cole," and "Rick Richards" because they are full of adventure. I don't think you could improve the magazine even if you tried!

A faithful reader,
Barbara Lose
Williamsport, Pa.

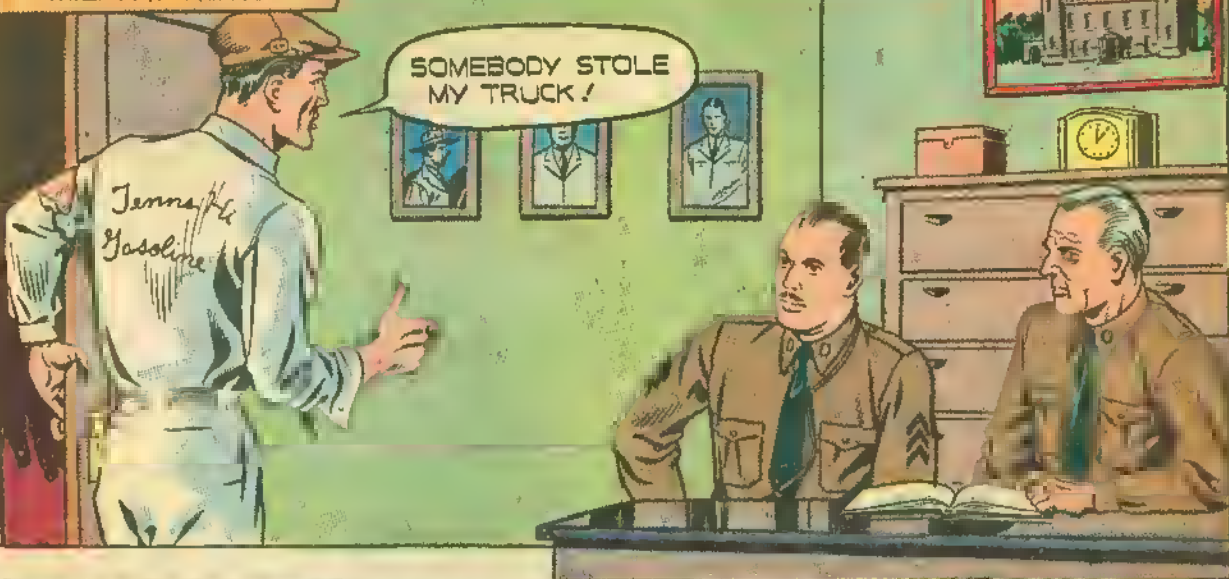
We take special pains to make sure the reading is clear in our books, Barbara. All our letterers must use a certain size letter when printing the balloons. In that way, we know you readers can read the stories easily.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT COMICS, 119 W. 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

DICK COLE

ONE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING: AN INJURED MAN STAGGERS INTO STATE POLICE HEADQUARTERS, TWENTY MILES SOUTH OF FARR MILITARY ACADEMY.



HE WAS A WILD-EYED, ONE-ARMED CHARACTER. I GAVE HIM A LIFT, THEN HE SLUGGED ME, THREW ME INTO A DITCH, AND DROVE AWAY!

THAT MUST HAVE BEEN THE PYROMANIAC! WE JUST GOT THE FLASH. HE ESCAPED FROM THE STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL.

YOU'RE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE! WHEN HE PLAYS WITH FIRE, HE DOESN'T STOP WITH A HOTFOOT!

A PYROMANIAC LOOSE WITH A GASOLINE TRUCK! WHEW-E-E-E!



Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager
Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Director
Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant

ONE-THIRTY A.M. SIMBA KARNO, ON GUARD DUTY, PAUSES BEFORE THE ARMORY.

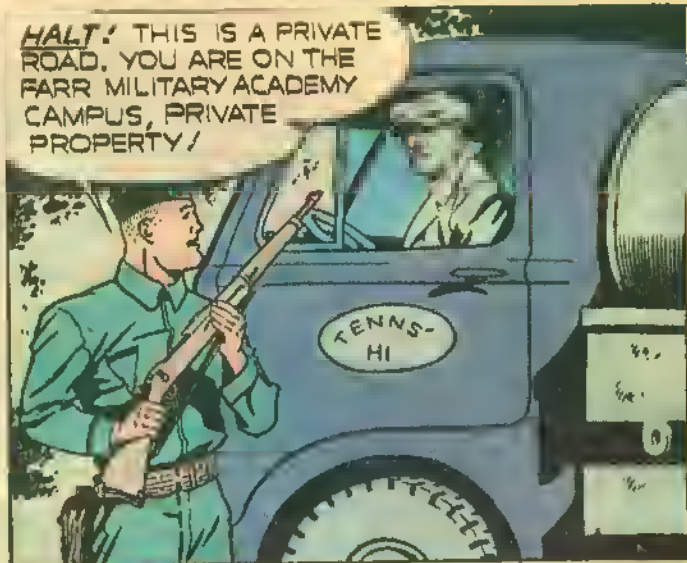


HEADLIGHTS!
SOMEBODY
MUST HAVE
WANDERED
OFF THE PIKE.

YOU'LL HAVE
TO GO BACK A
MILE TO
HIT THE
MAIN
ROAD.



HALT! THIS IS A PRIVATE
ROAD. YOU ARE ON THE
FARR MILITARY ACADEMY
CAMPUS, PRIVATE
PROPERTY!



AS SIMBA TURNS AWAY TO INDICATE THE
DIRECTION, THE DRIVER LEAPS TO THE
GROUND.

DENNY!

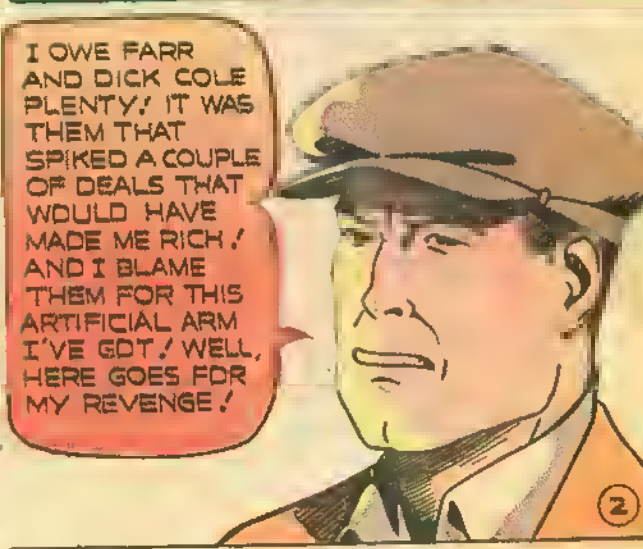
NICE TO BE
BACK,
CADET!



YES, BACK AT LAST
TO WIPE OUT
ALL MY
DEBTS -
IN FIRE!



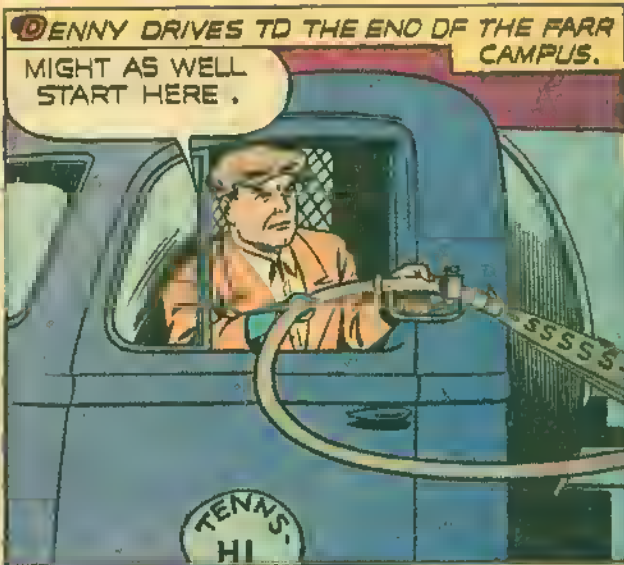
I OWE FARR
AND DICK COLE
PLENTY! IT WAS
THEM THAT
SPIKED A COUPLE
OF DEALS THAT
WOULD HAVE
MADE ME RICH!
AND I BLAME
THEM FOR THIS
ARTIFICIAL ARM
I'VE GOT! WELL,
HERE GOES FOR
MY REVENGE!



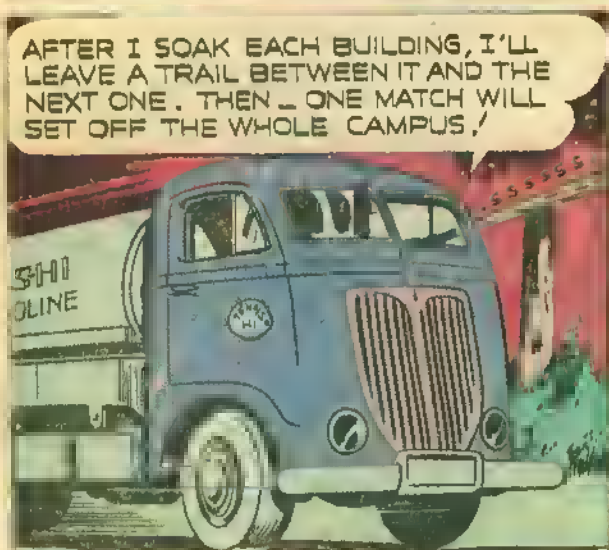
DENNY, A CROOK WHO HAS SEVERAL TIMES RUN AFOUL OF DICK COLE WITH DISASTROUS RESULTS TO HIMSELF, NOW HATES DICK AND FARR WITH ALL THE FURY OF A WARPED MIND.



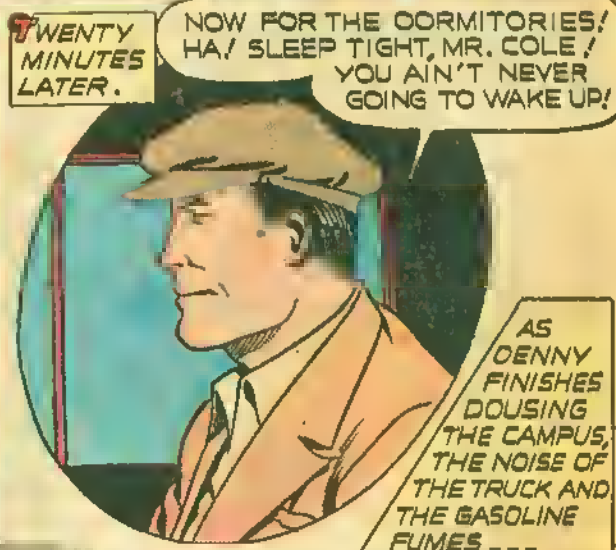
I'LL DRIVE AROUND 'N' ORENCH EVERY BUILDING WITH GASOLINE!



DENNY DRIVES TO THE END OF THE FARR CAMPUS.
MIGHT AS WELL START HERE.



AFTER I SOAK EACH BUILDING, I'LL LEAVE A TRAIL BETWEEN IT AND THE NEXT ONE. THEN ONE MATCH WILL SET OFF THE WHOLE CAMPUS!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER.

NOW FOR THE DORMITORIES! HA! SLEEP TIGHT, MR. COLE! YOU AIN'T NEVER GOING TO WAKE UP!

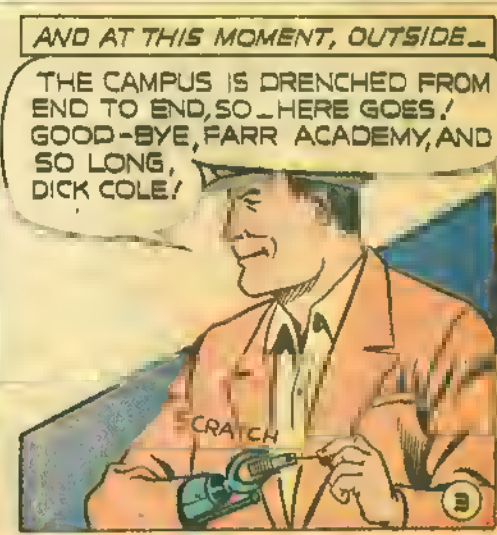
AS DENNY FINISHES DOUSING THE CAMPUS, THE NOISE OF THE TRUCK AND THE GASOLINE FUMES...



AWAKENS DICK (SNIFF. SNIFF) HMM... WHAT GOES ON? (SNIFF) I'LL HAVE A LOOK-SEE!

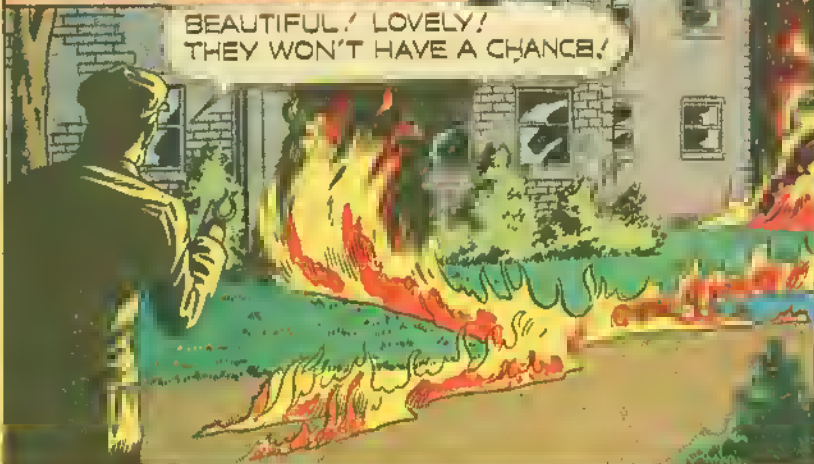


QUICKLY, DICK DRESSES. I COULDN'T SEE ANYTHING OUT THE WINDOW, BUT I SURE SMELL GASOLINE!



AND AT THIS MOMENT, OUTSIDE... THE CAMPUS IS DRENCHED FROM END TO END, SO HERE GOES! GOOD-BYE, FARR ACADEMY, AND SO LONG, DICK COLE!

DENNY FLIPS THE MATCH INTO A POOL OF GASOLINE!
INSTANTLY FLAMES RUSH ALONG THE GASOLINE TRAIL
FROM BUILDING TO BUILDING!



BEAUTIFUL! LOVELY!
THEY WON'T HAVE A CHANCE!

GOOD GRIEF! ALL FARR
IS AFIRE!



HORRIFIED, BUT KEEPING HIS
WITS, DICK RUSHES TO THE
NEAREST FIRE ALARM BOX.



AROUSSED BY THE ALARM, THE WELL-
DISCIPLINED CADETS MAKE AN ORDERLY EXIT.
ON THE DOUBLE, MEN!



WE'VE GOT
TO FIGHT
TO SAVE
FARR!



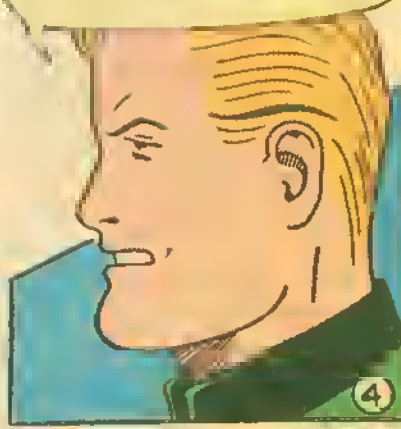
WE'LL FORM HOSE
SQUADS, DICK, AND...



IT'S NO USE,
FELLOWS. THE
FIRE'S TOO
WIDESPREAD!



EVEN OUR FIRE-FIGHTING
EQUIPMENT IS BURNING
UP. ALL WE CAN DO IS
FORM BUCKET BRIGADES!



LED BY DICK AND BARK HALL, BUCKET BRIGADES FORM BUT FIGHT A LOSING BATTLE!

WOW! MY ARMS
ARE DEAD!

OH, MY ACHING BACK!

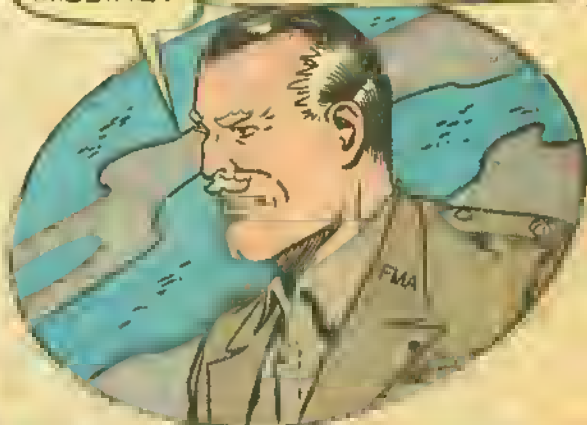
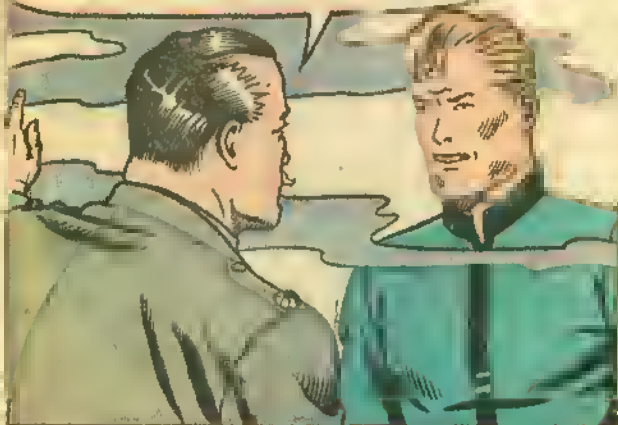
MY HANDS ARE
BLISTERED!

KEEP THOSE
BUCKETS MOVING!



IT'S NO USE, DICK. WE MUST RETREAT!
LOOK! THE ARMORY IS ON FIRE, AND
IT'S FULL OF HIGH EXPLOSIVES!

WHEN THE ARMORY BLOWS UP, WE
MUST ALL BE AT A SAFE DISTANCE!
FIRST, MAKE SURE NO CADET IS
MISSING!



ORDERS ARE BARKED, THE CADETS FALL IN,
ROLL IS CALLED. THEN -

ALL PRESENT OR
ACCOUNTED FOR EXCEPT
CADET SIMBA KARNÖ, SIR!

BUT WHERE CAN HE
BE? EVERY BUILDING
HAS BEEN SEARCHED!



EVERY BUILDING
EXCEPT THE ARMORY,
SIR. SIMBA MUST
STILL BE AT HIS POST
THERE. OTHERWISE
HE'D HAVE BEEN
SEEN!

GREAT
SCOTT!
HE'LL BE
BLOWN
TO BITS!



BARK HALL AND SLIP'RY FALL IN BEHIND DICK.

I'LL GO AFTER HIM, SIR.

COUNT ME IN, DICK.

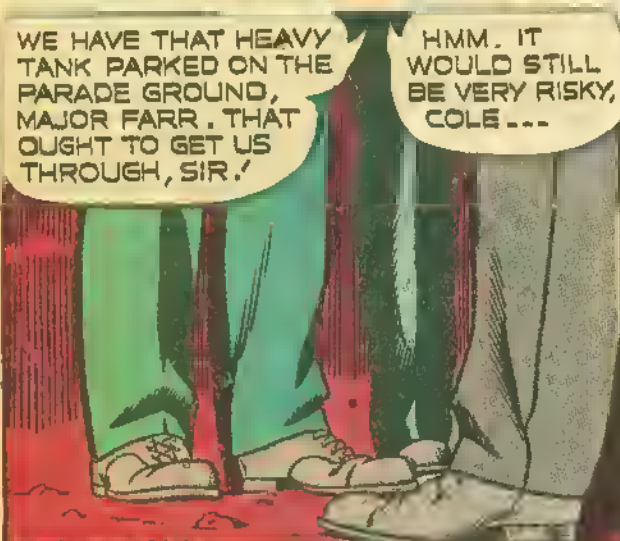
I'M COMING, TOO!

I WILL NOT PERMIT YOU BOYS TO GO TO CERTAIN DEATH! THE SMALL ARMS AMMUNITION ALREADY IS EXPLODING! YOU'LL NEVER REACH THE ARMORY!

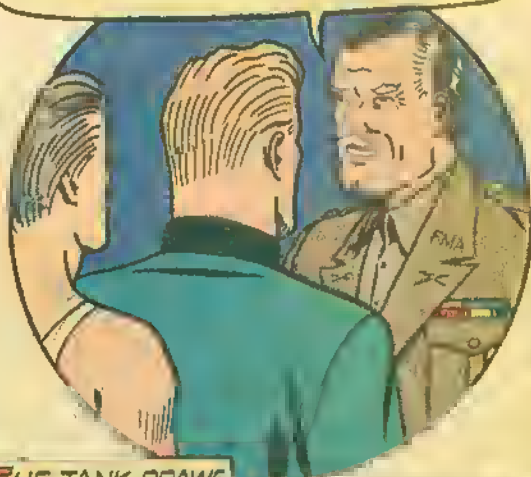


WE HAVE THAT HEAVY TANK PARKED ON THE PARADE GROUND, MAJOR FARR. THAT OUGHT TO GET US THROUGH, SIR.

HMM. IT WOULD STILL BE VERY RISKY, COLE...



...BUT AT LEAST YOU'D HAVE A FIGHTING CHANCE. GO TO IT, MEN... I'M PROUD OF YOU!



MOMENTS LATER, WITH DICK, BARK, AND SLIP'RY AS CREW, THE TANK LUMBERS TOWARD THE FLAMING ARMORY!

THE SMALL STUFF'S POPPING, ALL RIGHT. ONCE THE BIG STUFF STARTS...



THE TANK DRAWS UP TO THE FLAMING ARMORY.

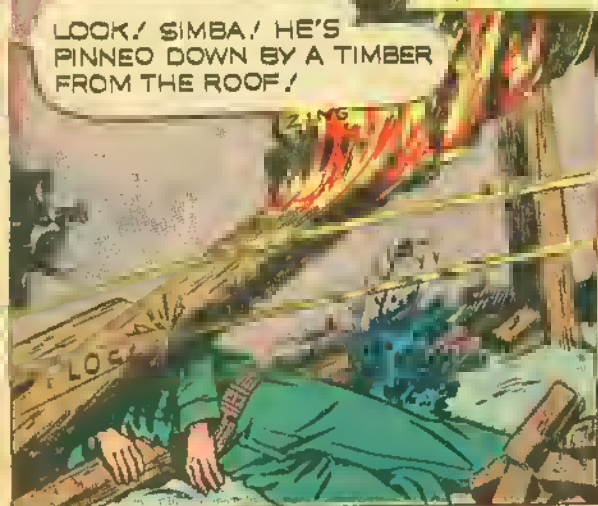
WE ALL FEEL PRETTY BAO, SLIP'RY... BUT RIGHT NOW WE'VE GOT TO FIND SIMBA!

GEE, IT'S HEARTBREAKING TO SEE FARR DESTROYED! IT WAS THE ONLY HOME I EVER HAD.



THE TANK CIRCLES THE ARMORY, AND, AT THE REAR—

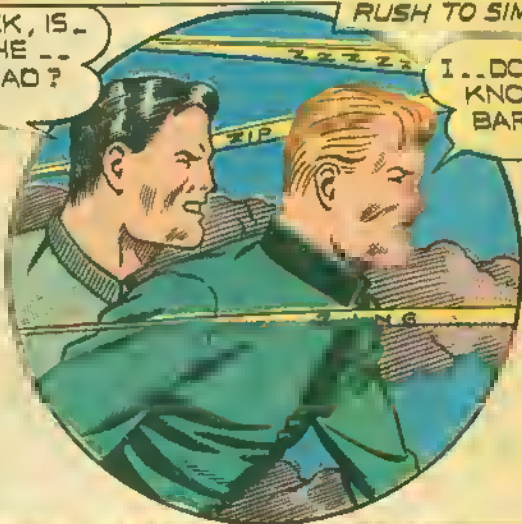
LOOK! SIMBA! HE'S PINNED DOWN BY A TIMBER FROM THE ROOF!



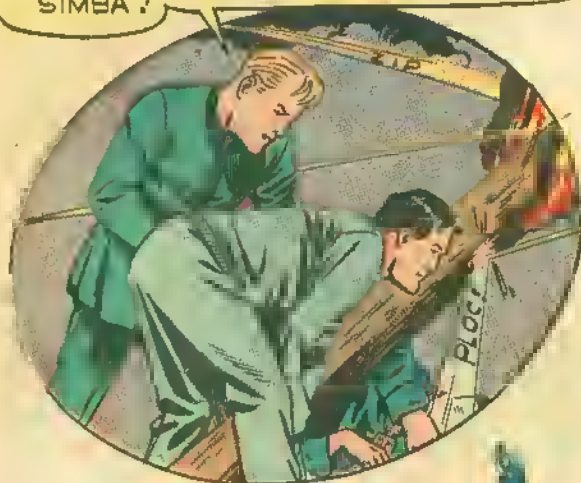
DICK AND BARK LEAP FROM THE TANK AND RUSH TO SIMBA—

DICK, IS—
IS HE —
DEAD?

I...DON'T.
KNOW,
BARK!



HE'S ALIVE — BUT OH, HIS FACE! POOR SIMBA!



MEANWHILE, FROM SOME NEAR-BY BUSHES —

DICK COLE! GRAH!
HE AIN'T GONNA
GET AWAY THIS
TIME! GA-AH!



THEY'RE CARRYIN' OFF THAT
CADET. NOW'S MY CHANCE!
I'LL BRAIN
HIM!



THANK GOODNESS SIMBA'S
STILL ALIVE, BARK!

YOU CAN
SAY THAT
AGAIN!



A NSWER No. 3. "The missing word is 'coal.'"

AS DENNY AIMS A MURDEROUS BLOW AT DICK, A LARGE SHELL FRAGMENT STRIKES DENNY.



HEARING DENNY'S CRY, DICK SWINGS AROUND!

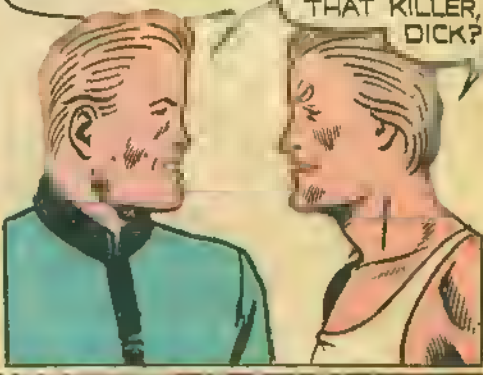
WHAT ON EARTH, DENNY!



LEAVING DENNY, DICK AND BARK CARRY SIMBA TO SLIP'RY, WAITING BY THE TANK.

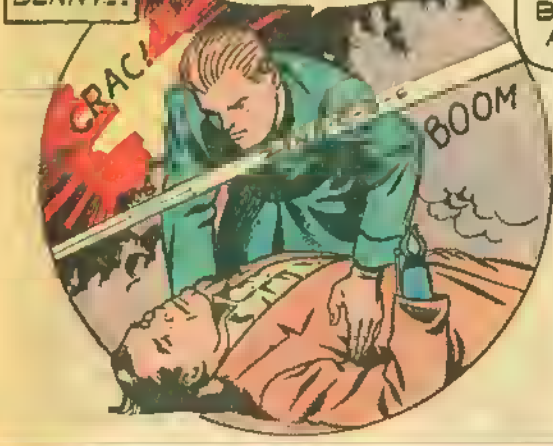
DENNY MAY STILL BE ALIVE. I'M GOING BACK AND GET HIM, FELLOWS.

ARE YOU CRAZY? WHY RISK YOUR LIFE FOR THAT KILLER, DICK?



DICK REACHES DENNY..

AH! HE'S STILL ALIVE!



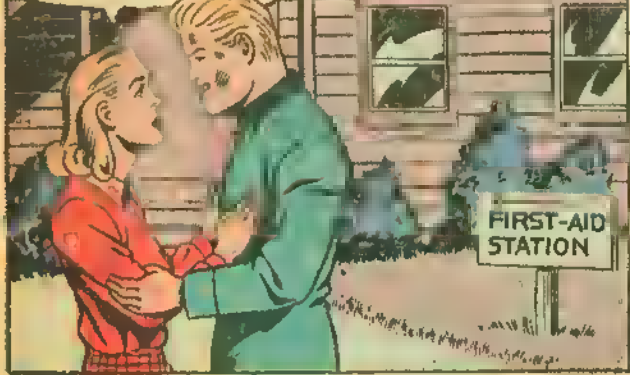
... AND CARRIES HIM SAFELY BACK TO BARK AND SLIPRY.

LET'S SCRAM, BOYS, BEFORE THE WHOLE PLACE BLOWS UP! HIT FOR LAURA BRADLY'S. THERE'S A FIRST-AID STATION SET UP AT HER HOUSE.



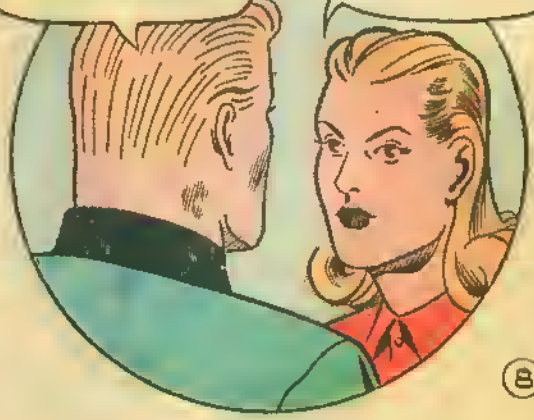
MINUTES LATER: THE HOME OF COACH BRADLY, SITUATED SAFELY OFF THE MAIN CAMPUS—

OH, DICK! THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE SAFE!



YES, I'M SAFE, BUT FARR IS DESTROYED. HOW ABOUT SIMBA, LAURA?

DOCTOR WHITE IS WITH HIM NOW. WE SHOULD HEAR SOON.



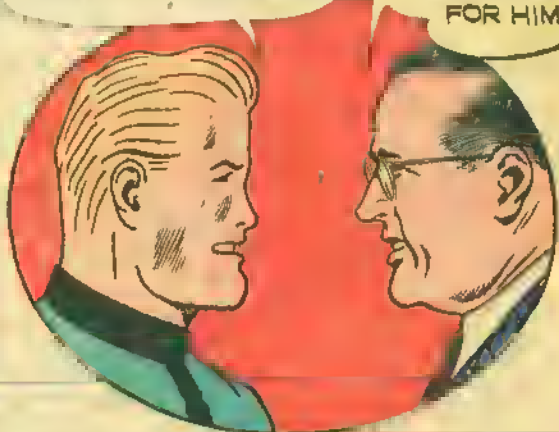
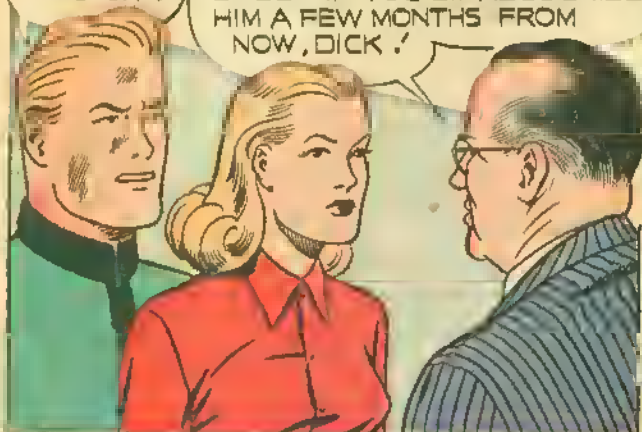
AFTER A HALF-HOUR OF SUSPENSE, DR. WHITE APPEARS.

HOW IS HE, DOCTOR?

SIMBA WILL LIVE, BUT I DOUBT IF YOU'LL RECOGNIZE HIM A FEW MONTHS FROM NOW, DICK!

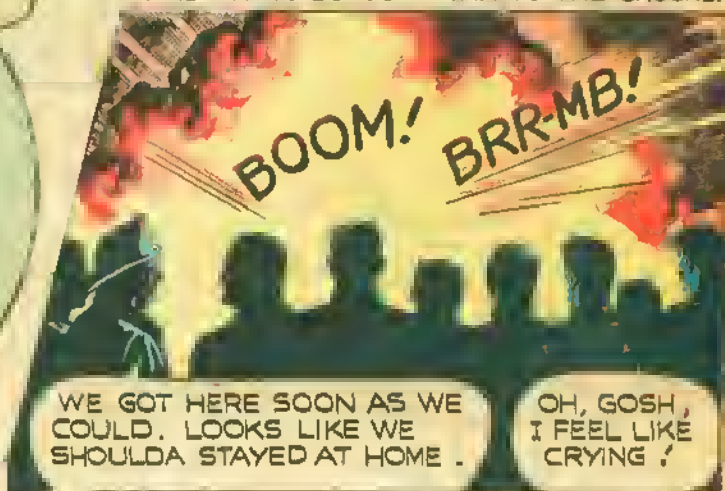
HIS FACE WAS TERRIBLY MUTILATED. WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT IT, DOCTOR?

PLASTIC SURGEONS WILL MAKE A NEW FACE FOR HIM!



AS FOR THE OTHER ONE YOU BROUGHT IN - DENNY, HE HAS AN EVEN CHANCE TO RECOVER AND BE RETURNED TO THE ASYLUM.

SINGED AND DOWNHEARTED, THE FARR CADETS WATCH THE ARMORY EXPLODE, AND THEIR SCHOOL BURN TO THE GROUND.



WE GOT HERE SOON AS WE COULD. LOOKS LIKE WE SHOULDA STAYED AT HOME.

OH, GOSH, I FEEL LIKE CRYING!

BUCK UP, BOYS. THIS HITS ME HARD, TOO. THE SCHOOL IS MY LIFE WORK. I'LL NOTIFY THE ALUMNI, WE'LL RAISE FUNDS, AND OUT OF THESE ASHES WILL RISE A NEW AND BETTER FARR MILITARY ACADEMY.

HOW ABOUT OUR SCHOOL SONG, GANG? LET'S GO!

WE'LL ALWAYS BE NEAR TO FARR, WE'LL PRAISE HER WHERE'ER WE ARE, WE'LL CHEER HER EACH DAY WITH A HIP HIP HOORAY - IT'S A RULE THERE'S NO SCHOOL LIKE FARR!



FARR'S BUILDINGS HAVE BURNED, BUT FARR ISN'T LICKED BE
WANT TO SEE NEXT
ISSUE FOR A BIG
SURPRISE!

Here's how to get 24 FULL-COLOR BIRD PICTURES!

START COLLECTING NOW — No waiting - Nothing to mail in!

Just open a box of Kellogg's Krumbles and look inside for your prize. You'll find a handsome 2 7/8" x 4 1/4" bird picture in every package — larger than those shown here!

You'll be proud to show these colorful bird pictures to other boys and girls—to your

teacher, too! So start collecting now!

And what a swell cereal you get! Crisp, Malt, The kind that goes down fast. Mothers know Kellogg's Krumbles has whole-wheat nourishment. So hurry, ask your Mom to get a box today.

AN ALBUM FOR YOUR BIRD PICTURES

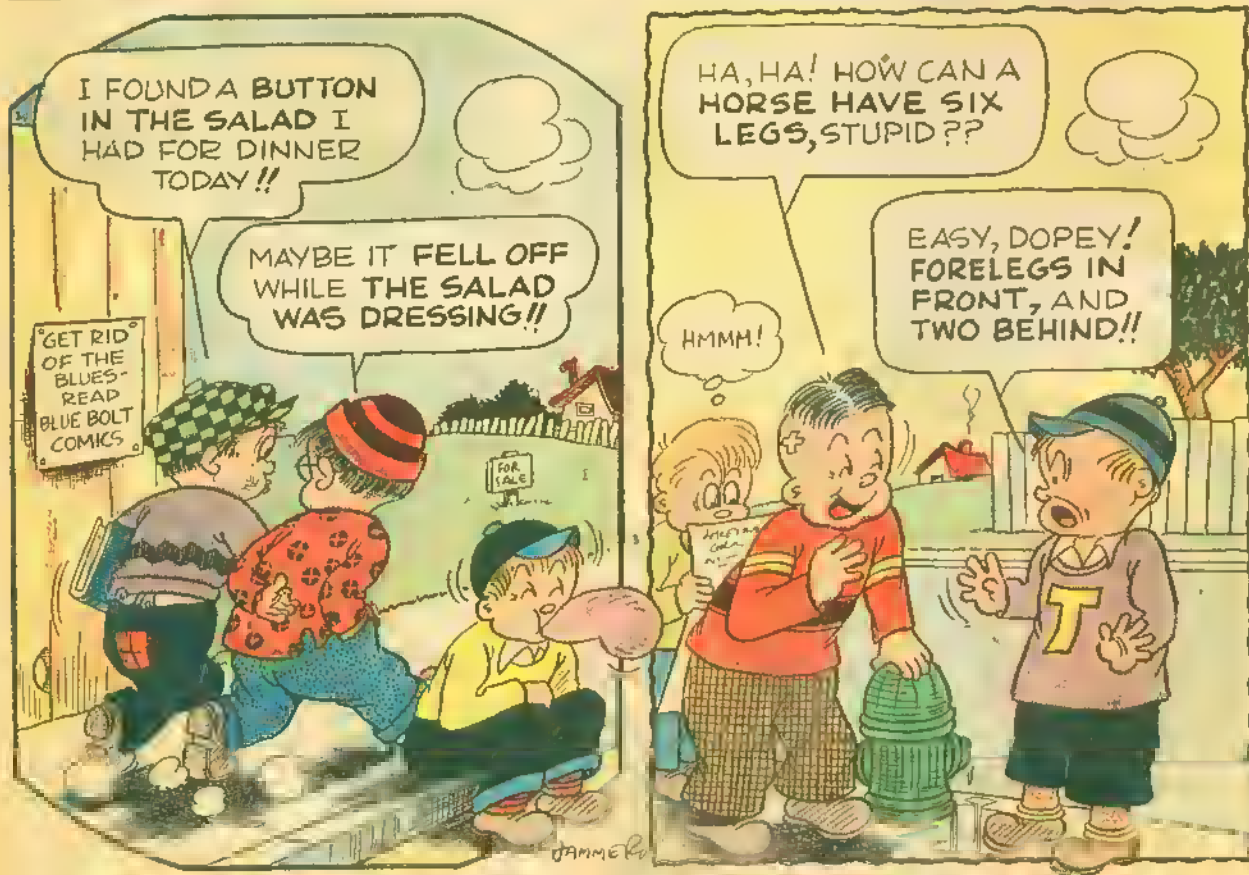
See the side of your Krumbles package for instructions on how to get this beautiful 5 1/2" x 6 1/2" album. It has twenty-four pages—a page for every picture—with the name and description of the bird already printed in. It's a book you'll treasure for years and years



These prizes are enclosed only in packages of Kellogg's Krumbles sold in the U. S.

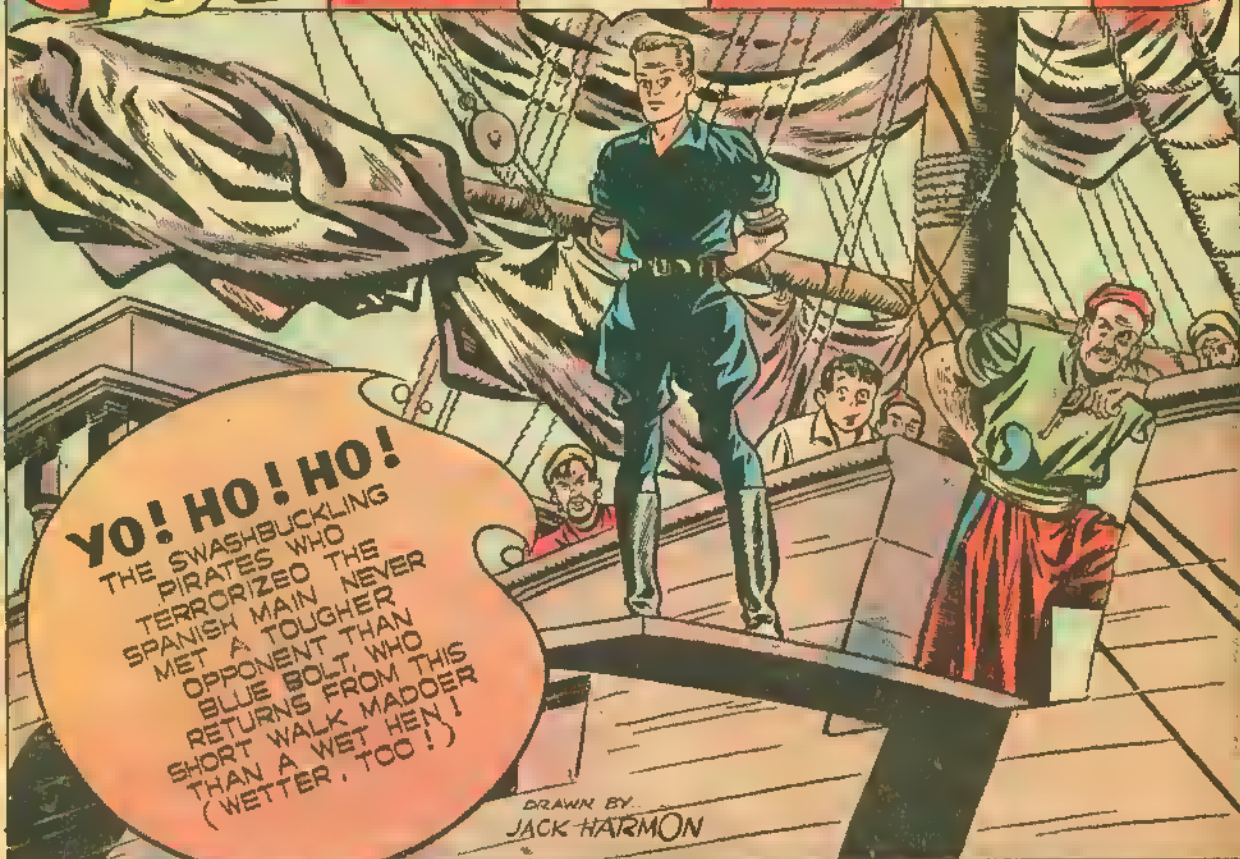


Kellogg's KRUMBLES—a picture in every package



BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



YO! HO! HO!

THE SWASHBUCKLING
PIRATES WHO
TERRORIZED THE
SPANISH MAIN NEVER
MET A TOUGHER
OPPONENT THAN
BLUE BOLT, WHO
RETURNS FROM THIS
SHORT WALK MAOER
THAN A WET HEN!
(WETTER, TOO!)

DRAWN BY
JACK HARMON



A GALLON IS STILL
FOUR QUARTS, SONNY.
A GALLEON IS THE
SIXTEENTH CENTURY
VERSION OF A
BATTLESHIP.

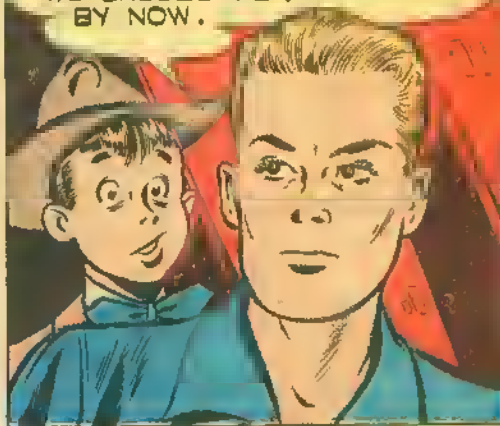
WHAT'S THE
PITCH ON THIS
EL OORAOO, BLUE
BOLT? WHAT IS
A GALLON?

THE
GLIMPSES
HELICOPTER
SPEECS
OVER
THE
CARIBBEAN
SEA...



EL DORADO IS
AN EXACT REPLICA
OF AN OLD GALLEON
BEING GIVEN BY A
COUNTRY TO A U.S.
NAUTICAL MUSEUM.

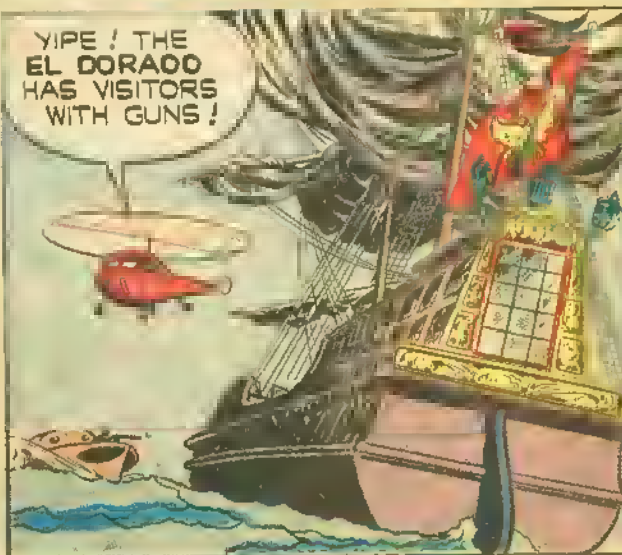
IT'S SAILING NORTH WITH A
TYPICAL CARGO... GOLD
GOBLETS AND ART TREASURES.
WE SHOULD BE NEAR IT
BY NOW.



THERE SHE
IS! GOLLY,
WE'LL GET
SOME SWELL
GOLD!



YIPE! THE
EL DORADO
HAS VISITORS
WITH GUNS!



HIJACKERS!

PIRATES!

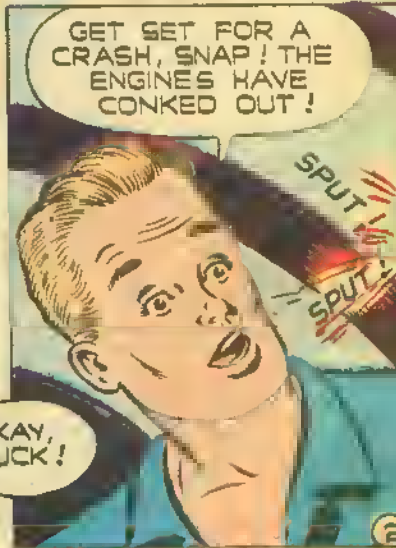
BLAST
THAT
PLANE
BEFORE
THEY SEND
A RADIO
ALARM!

RAT-TAT-
TAT!



GET SET FOR A
CRASH, SNAP! THE
ENGINES HAVE
CONKED OUT!

OKAY,
BUCK!





THE WET CAMERA SLIPS FROM SNAP'S HANDS!



WHAT'S THAT?

THAT DOES IT! GIVE IT THE OLD COLLEGE TRY, SNAP!

ALARMED, THE PIRATES FALL UPON BLUE BOLT AND SNAP!



UGH!

CAREFUL! THIS ENVELOPE OPENER MAY PUT YOU IN THE DEAD LETTER BUREAU!



POUCH!

CRACK



GRAB THE PUNK! I WANNA TEACH HIM A LESSON!



F'RINSTANCE, YOU'RE GONNA WALK THE PLANK!

PICK UP YOUR MARBLES AND GO HOME, CHUM! YOU'RE JUST A SMALL-TIME CAPTAIN KIDD!



YEAH? I CAN DO ANYTHING THOSE PUNKS DID!



QUESTION No. 6. Who was Captain Kidd?

SOON...

NICE DAY FOR
A WALK... SO
GET GOING!



NOTHING LIKE
AN OCEAN TRIP
FOR ONE'S
HEALTH, THEY
SAY!

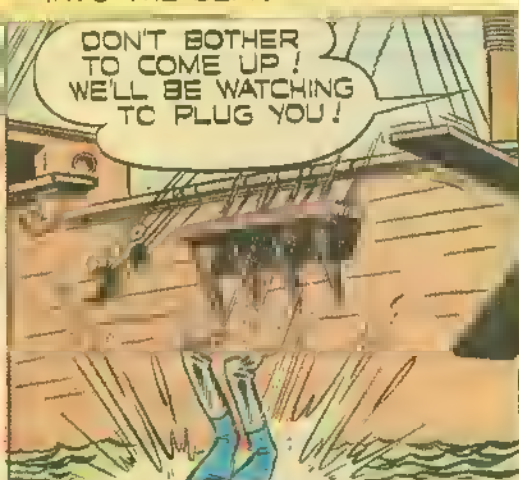
YEAH... BUT
A TRIP IN
THE OCEAN
AIN'T SO
GOOD! HAW!
HAW!

NO! MY
OLD PAL BLUE
BOLT... I CAN'T
BEAR TO LOOK!



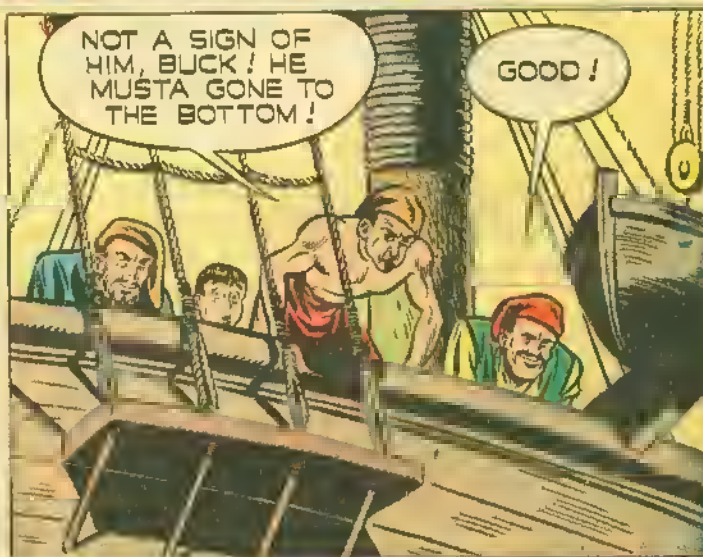
CALMLY, BLUE BOLT PLUNGES
INTO THE SEA!

DON'T BOTHER
TO COME UP!
WE'LL BE WATCHING
TO PLUG YOU!



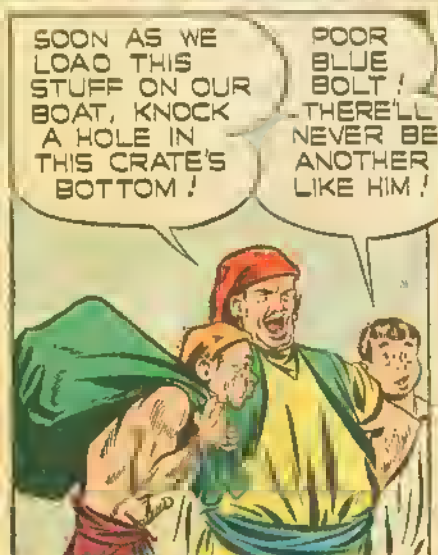
NOT A SIGN OF
HIM, BUCK! HE
MUSTA GONE TO
THE BOTTOM!

GOOD!



SOON AS WE
LOAD THIS
STUFF ON OUR
BOAT, KNOCK
A HOLE IN
THIS CRATE'S
BOTTOM!

POOR
BLUE
BOLT!
THERE'LL
NEVER BE
ANOTHER
LIKE HIM!

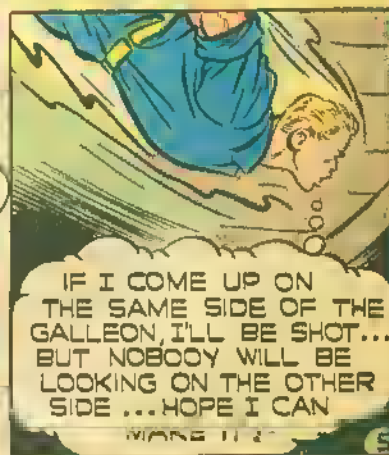


THEN... BYE-BYE, PAL!
YOUR BOAT IS
SINKING! NOBODY
WILL EVER KNOW I
TOOK THIS LOOT...
THEY'LL THINK IT
SANK WITH YOU!

KILLER!



MEANWHILE, WHAT HAS
HAPPENED TO BLUE
BOLT?



BBLUE BOLT SWIMS UNDER THE GALLEON, GULPS FRESH AIR, AND..

THESE SHARP BARNACLES CAN CUT ROPE!



FREED, BLUE BOLT CLIMBS UP.

BLUE BOLT!
IT AIN'T POSSIBLE!

QUICK
SEÑOR! ZEE
PIRATES ARE
ESCAPING!

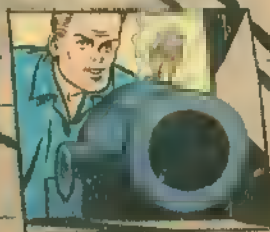


ZEE CANNONS
ARE LOADED
FOR A SALUTE!
PERHAPS...

I'LL
TRY!



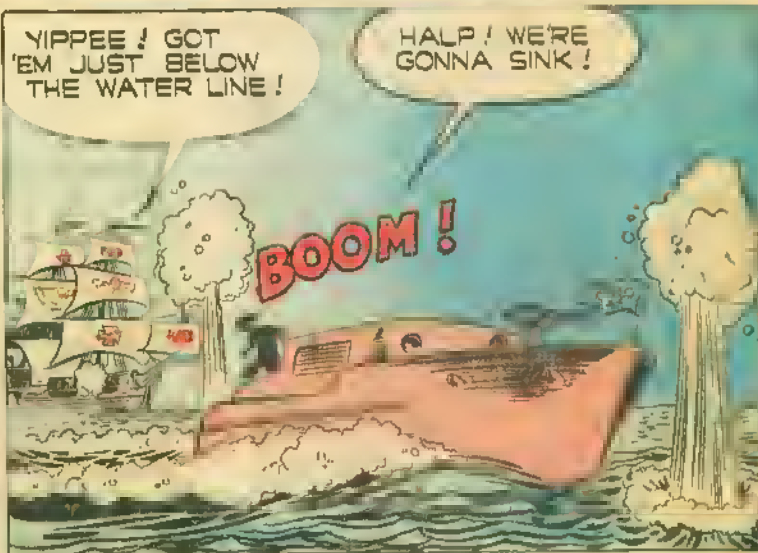
HOPE THE DARNED
THING DOESN'T
BLOW UP!



YIPPEE! GOT
'EM JUST BELOW
THE WATER LINE!

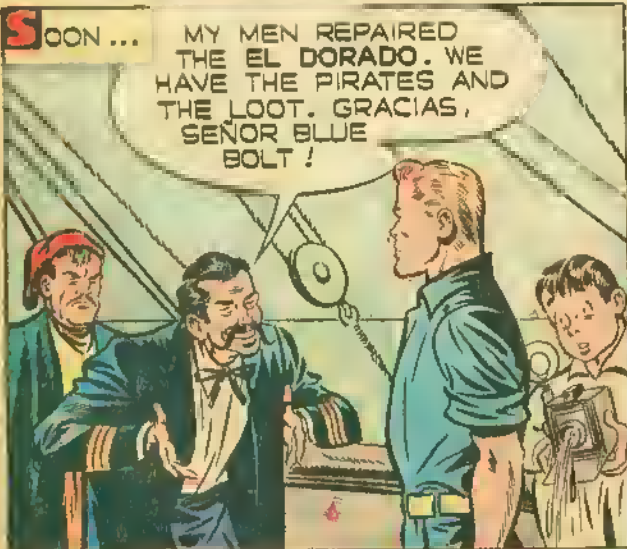
HALP! WE'RE
GONNA SINK!

BOOM!



SOON...

MY MEN REPAIRED
THE EL DORADO. WE
HAVE THE PIRATES AND
THE LOOT. GRACIAS,
SEÑOR BLUE
BOLT!



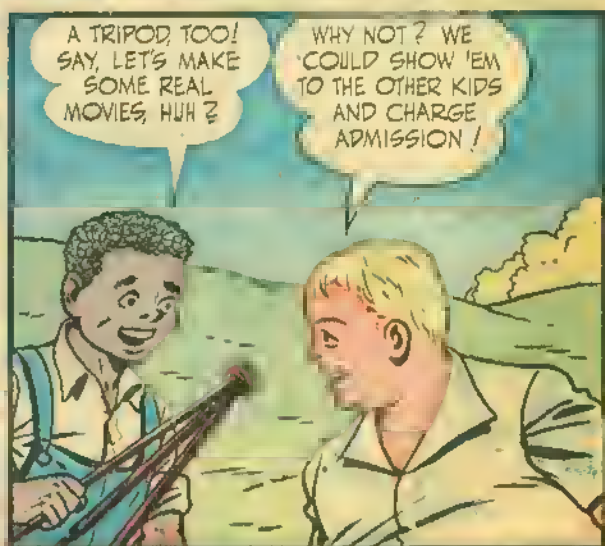
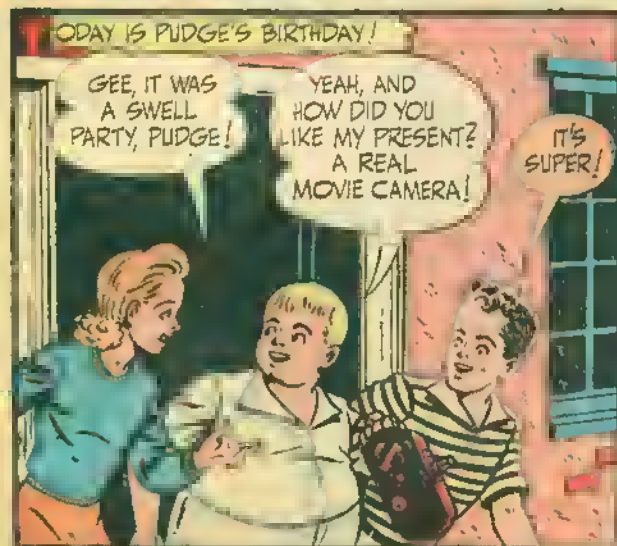
SMILE FOR THE
BIRDIE, BUCK!
GLIMPSES IS
GONNA LOVE
YOU!

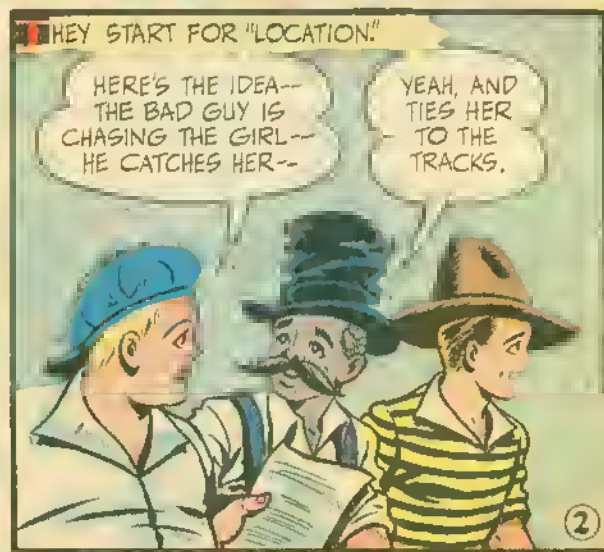
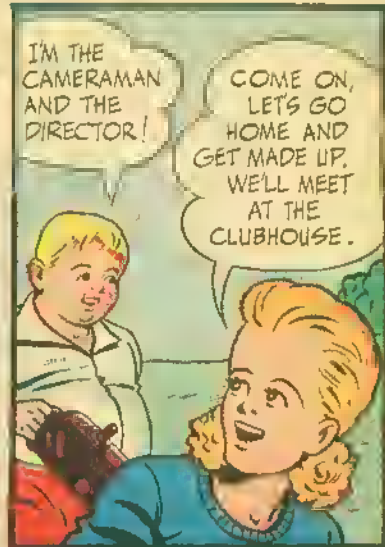
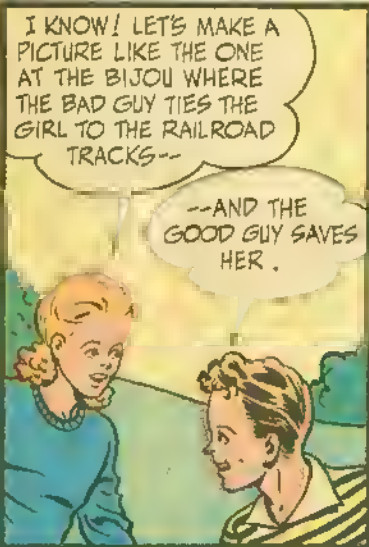
BIRDIE, ME EYE!
YOU HAPPY HAWK-
SHAWS ARE NOTHIN'
BUT FLIES IN THE
OINTMENT!

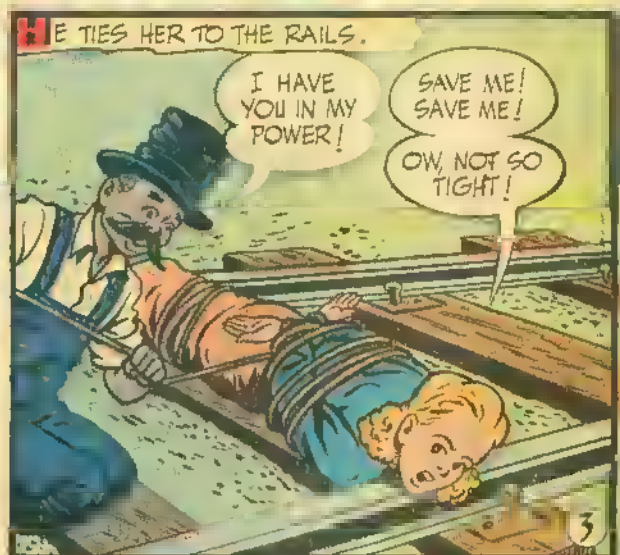
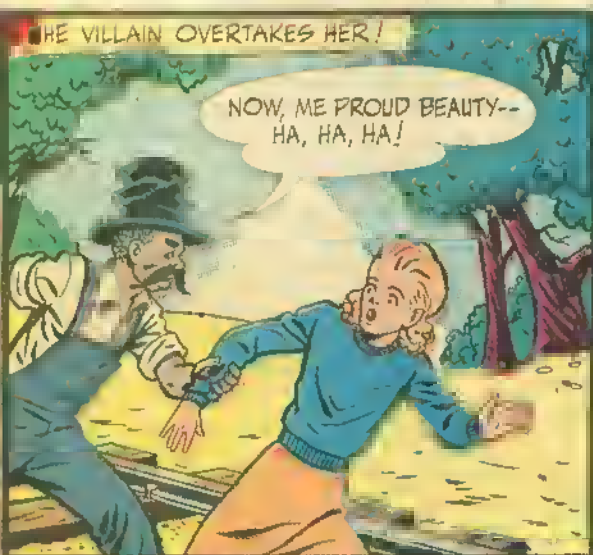
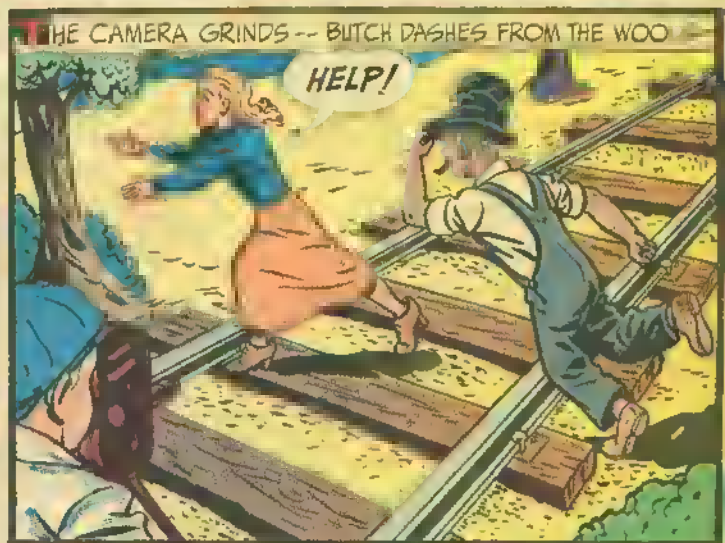
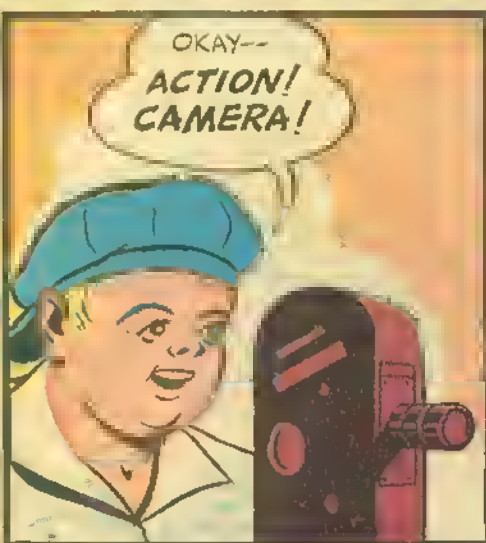
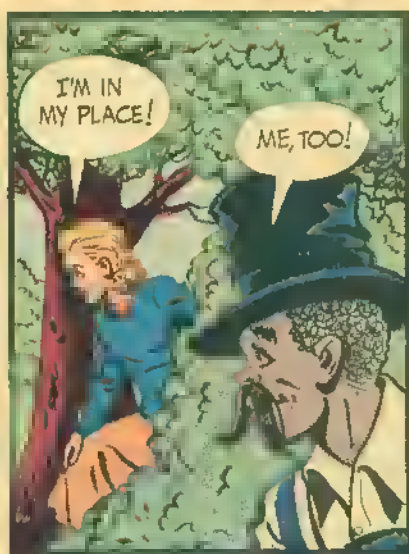


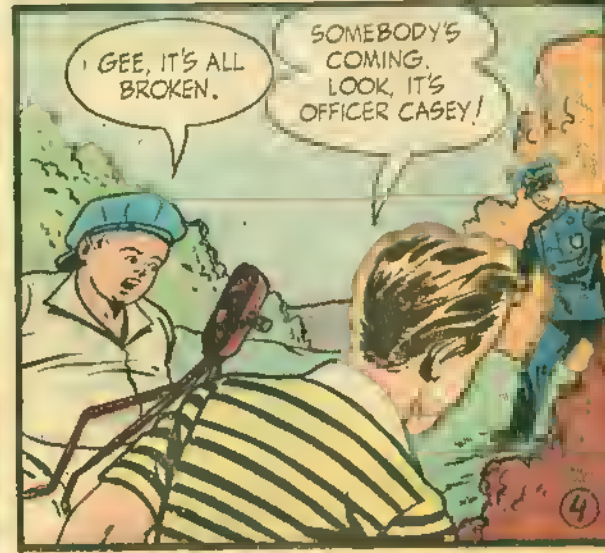
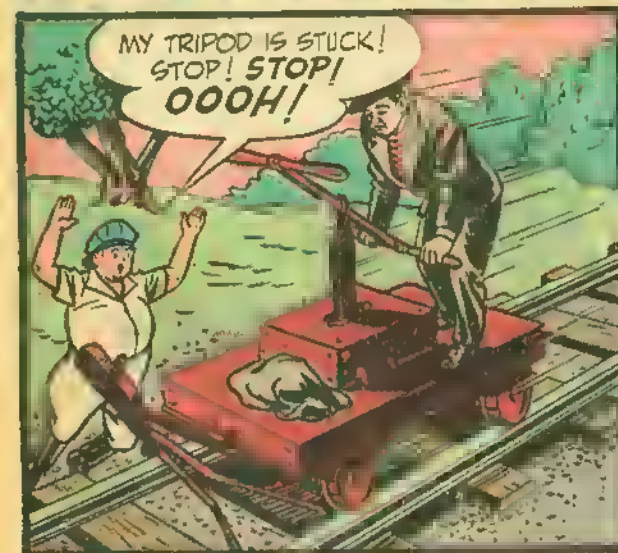
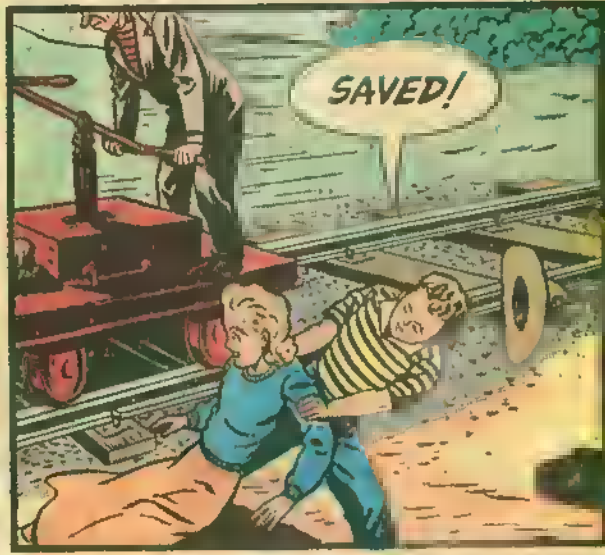
FEARLESS FELLERS

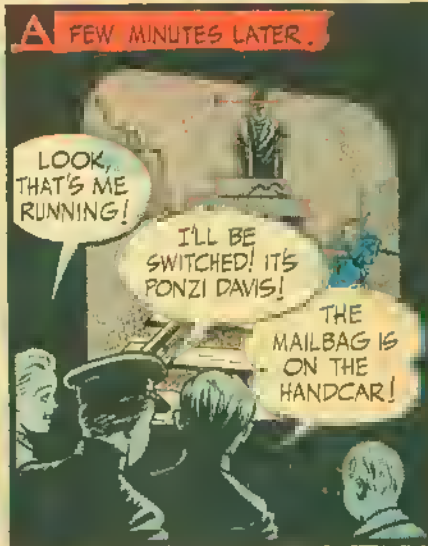
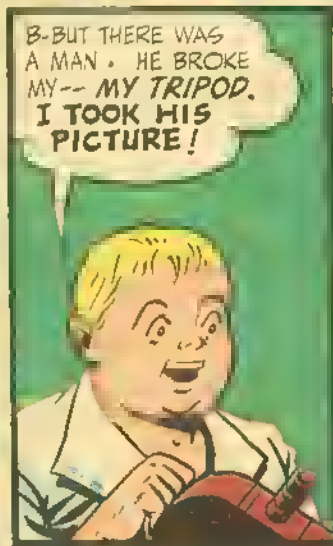
By
JOE DONOHUE











• TIMID TIM •

HEY, MISTER! BUY
A RABBIT FOOT-

RABBIT

I ALWAYS WANTED
A RABBIT FOOT!
HERE'S YOUR
MONEY.

AND HERE'S
YOUR CHANGE.

-IT'LL BRING YA
GOOD LUCK!

SURE
THING!

RABBIT
FEET
25¢

SAY, WAIT A
MINUTE! HOW
DO I KNOW
THIS WILL
BRING ME
GOOD LUCK

OH, DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
THAT.

RABBIT
FEET

WHY, DIDN'T THESE
RABBIT FEET GIVE ME
THIS SWELL LITTLE
BUSINESS?!

RABBIT

HOLD ON THERE!
WHERE'S YOUR
LICENSE TO DO
BUSINESS?

--ER..I..
--ER..HAVEN'T
GOT ANY!

RABBIT
FEET
25¢

TOUGH LUCK, BUDDY.
THAT'LL COST YOU
THIRTY DAYS IN JAIL!

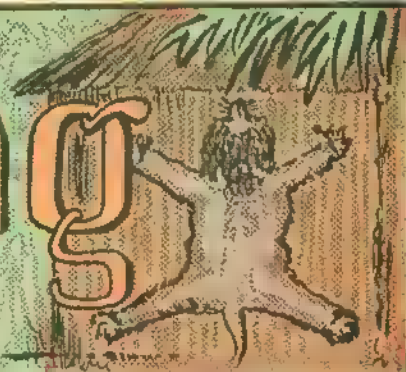
RABBIT
FEET
25¢



ART
HELFANT

Cunning

by John Graham



THE men of the Nagoli were solemn as they assembled in the ceremonial hut of the kraal. Ordinarily a happy folk, there was not time for laughter among them this day. Mingled emotions contributed to their grimness. There was yet grief for the dead chief, and a realization of the care they must use in selecting a new one. Yes, they must choose a new leader, but they must choose well. He who would be chief of the Nagoli must lack neither courage nor a feeling for justice. The turbulent jungle — where sudden death is ever neighbor to man — allowed for no error. It was with good cause then that the Nagoli were serious; perhaps their very survival hinged on the choice.

The drums and the gourds wailed a lament for the dead one. A wild thing it was, beautiful in its savagery and heart-breaking in its grief. Higher the crescendo of sorrow rose, but there was one who did not listen. Wantu was not concerned with the dead — he schemed to be the new chief! Ambition's creature, he had no interest in dirges. Let the other fools rant of courage and justice;

he had a more powerful weapon — CUNNING!

Cunning he had in plenty, but he must make certain how to employ it. He must learn what test the elders of the tribe had devised for the candidates to prove their fitness. Each time a new chief was chosen, the method was different. This plan eliminated any advance preparations and insured that the new leader would be a man who could act swiftly. A leader must be swift if his people were to exist in the jungle!

Wantu's head ached as he tried to anticipate the test. Would those foolish drums never cease, so the announcement might be made? What was the test? What? What? What? It was almost as though the question beat drums of its own in Wantu's throbbing skull.

But wait! The senior priest of the tribe had detached himself from the group of elders and was moving to the center of the hut. The old man raised a hand for silence and the drums subsided into a low, mournful sobbing. The group of candidates inched forward and Wantu trem-

bled as he shook in the grip of ambition. How he wanted to spring up on the old one and wrest the secret from him. Speak, old one! Speak!

"My people," the old man said slowly, "the time has come when a new one must lead us. It is the tradition of the Nagoli that our chief must be as strong as he is resourceful. What better way to prove it than to conquer the mighty lion? Such is our decision: he who first returns with the skin of a freshly killed tawny one shall rule the Nagoli. Prepare then, O hunters! Let your spears be swift and your arms strong! The gods shall smile on the most skilled one. I have spoken!"

The old man returned to the group of priests, and silence held the hut—silence broken only by the labored breathing of Wantu. Ho! Here was the ideal chance to prove his cunning. Usually it took raw jungle courage to conquer mighty Simba. Of this, Wantu had none. But he did have cunning! He fled from the hut with the other warriors, smiling as he formed his ghastly plan. True, he had not the courage to stalk a lion — but he had the cunning to stalk humans!

Outside the hunters waved good fortune to one another, then plunged separately into the brush. Into the brush, where the cruel fangs and raking talons of the king of beasts awaited the unwary! Wantu hesitated a moment, then moved slowly forward, following the tallest of the trackers. This was Ooma, strongest spearsman among the Nagoli. This was Ooma, who would make Wantu chief. Ooma was the strongest and the swiftest — but Wantu was the most cunning!

The lithe figure of Ooma forged fearlessly into the undergrowth. Engrossed in his tracking, he failed to notice the shadow that skulked behind him. Skulked and trailed, with spear ever raised at Ooma's back. Wantu's cunning would yet make him king of all the Nagoli!

Suddenly the roar of an approaching lion sounded through the jungle. The steaming greenness became alive with terror. Monkeys chattered as they fled through treetops, and lesser beasts rustled the brush with the panic of their flight. Wantu blanched at the sound of the bellow. But ambition held him to his task as he pressed after the hurrying Ooma.

As though aware it was being hunted by the puny man-folk, the tawny giant burst into the clearing. Sighting Ooma, it thundered a challenge as it sprang forward, great mouth gaping, and paws extended to rake and claw. The furious charge was met, however, with a well-aimed spear that turned the cry of rage into a

death gurgle. The beast clawed frantically at space, moaned, and fell dead at the feet of Ooma!

But enter cunning! Another spear now hurtled through the air, to lodge in Ooma's back and topple his body across that of the lion. Wantu, eyes agleam with triumph, broke swiftly into view. Ho! There was no weapon like cunning! Here he had his lion and had undergone no personal risk. Yet he must be swift! There would be time for gloating later! It was more important now to bury Ooma and skin the lion. Fate was good to him. The killing had taken place at the edge of a gorge and it was but small effort to roll the lifeless Ooma over it. Quick strokes of his blade separated the lion's skin from the carcass. It was done! Cunning had made him chief!

There was much rejoicing that night in the village of the Nagoli. The drums beat madly as they flung the story of Wantu's greatness to the winds. Wantu smiled as he watched the celebrants. Fools! Yes! he was king, but none knew that he had conquered by virtue of his cunning. What did it matter, though? Was not the skin of the dead lion hung outside his hut? There was none to know that he had not actually killed it. No, he was too cunning! But now for sleep! His had been a full day and his body cried for sleep—sleep, when he might dream of further cunning!

He flung himself wearily down on his straw mat and quickly surrendered to sleep. The sounds of the festival

gradually abated and soon silence reigned in the village. Nothing stirred.

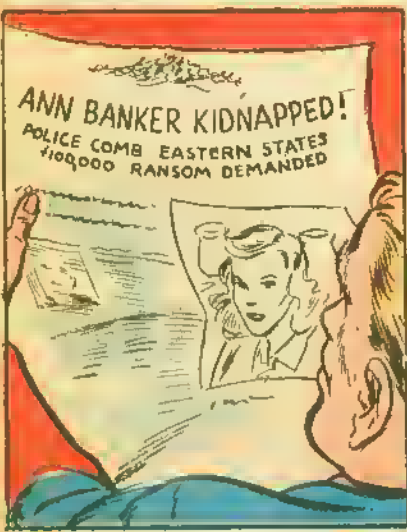
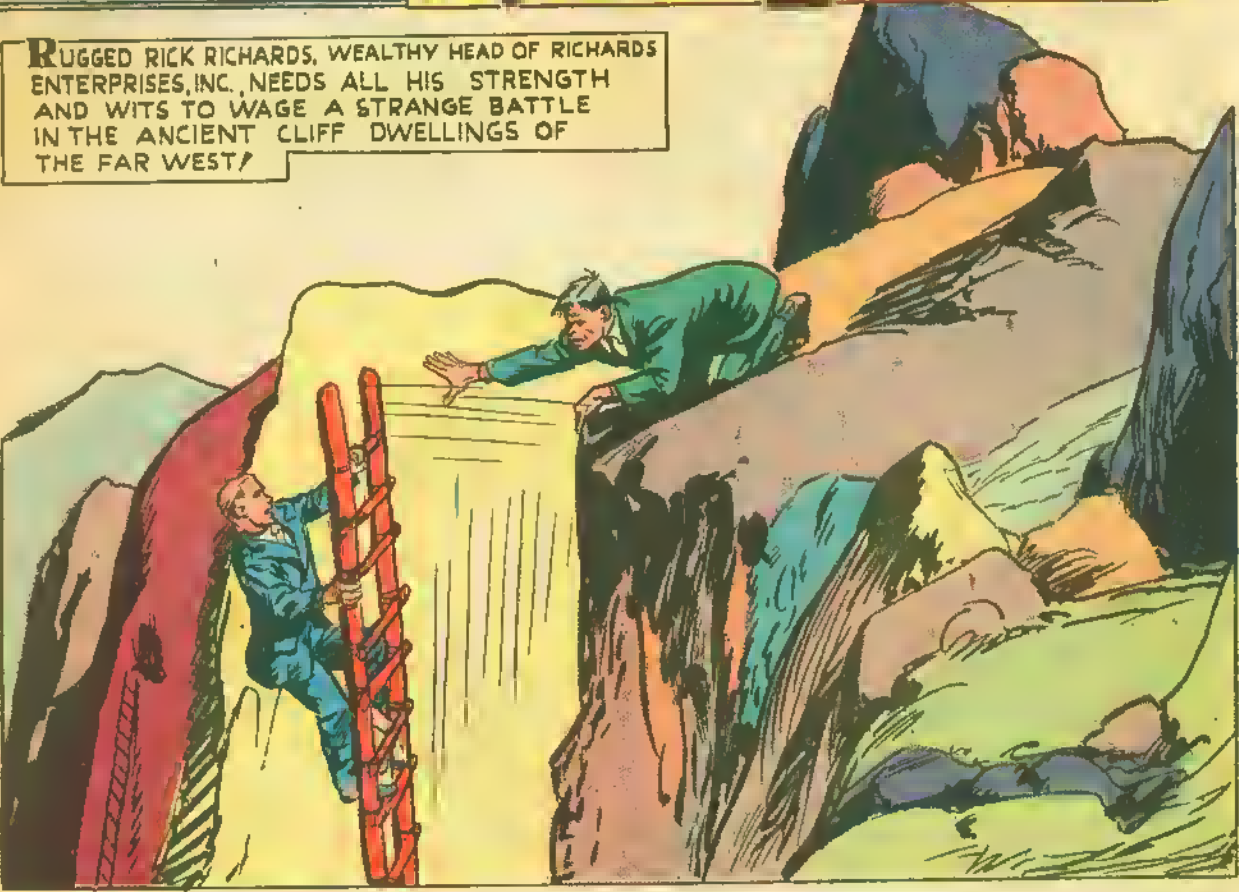
Nothing? Then what was this huge cat-like creature that padded silently through the village, sniffing, sniffing, ever sniffing? It paused at length outside the hut of Wantu and growled deeply in its throat. This was no thundering roar, but merely a growl of vengeance. Great paws crept quietly into the hut, closer, ever closer to the slumbering Wantu, deep in dreams of his cunning.

Suddenly the night was hideous with screams of terror. The frenzy contained in them was horrible, yet it was but a moment before they were stilled. Aroused, the men of the Nagoli rushed to the hut of their new chief, Wantu. Their spears were raised and ready, but there was nothing there. Nothing but a terribly mangled Wantu, his dead face ghastly in the light of the waning moon. Puzzled, the Nagoli asked one another how it happened. How had Wantu died?

One old hunter, wise in the ways of the jungle, showed them the answer. Gesturing with his spear toward the skin of the lion hung on Wantu's hut, he said, "Wah! Truly the Nagoli are unfortunate. We have lost our chief to cunning. Behold the dead lion's skin. It was that which directed the lion's mate to its killer. It is ever thus—after a hunter kills one lion, he must kill the mate, else the mate seeks vengeance. Wantu, our leader, is dead because of cunning—animal cunning!"

Rick Richards

RUGGED RICK RICHARDS, WEALTHY HEAD OF RICHARDS ENTERPRISES, INC., NEEDS ALL HIS STRENGTH AND WITS TO WAGE A STRANGE BATTLE IN THE ANCIENT CLIFF DWELLINGS OF THE FAR WEST!



YOU'RE STUDYING THAT PICTURE VERY CAREFULLY, MR. RICHARDS.

I HAVE A HUNCH IT MAY LEAD TO THE RESCUE OF MISS BANKER.



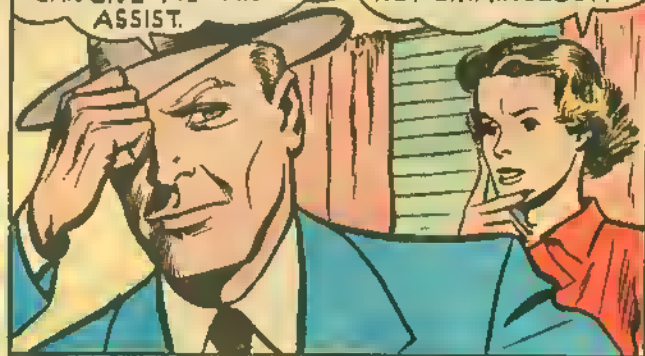
THE KIDNAPPERS SENT THIS SNAPSHOT OF MISS BANKER TO PROVE THEY REALLY HAVE HER!

SO?

SO MAYBE MY OLD PAL BUT HIS SPECIALTY
PROFESSOR MIZZLE CAN IS ARCHAEOLOGY,
CAN GIVE ME AN NOT CRIMINOLOGY?
ASSIST.

SOON-

TAKE A LOOK AT THIS
POTTERY IN THE BACKGROUND,
PROFESSOR!



HMM- REMARKABLE! THAT
TYPE OF POTTERY WAS
MADE ONLY BY THE ANCIENT
CLIFF OWELLERS! THE GREY
MESA TRIBE!

CLIFF DWELLERS, EH?
THEN MY HUNCH
WAS RIGHT!



IT'S STILL A LONG SHOT.. BUT
I'M OFF TO GREY MESA!
THANKS FOR THE USE OF YOUR
GREY MATTER!

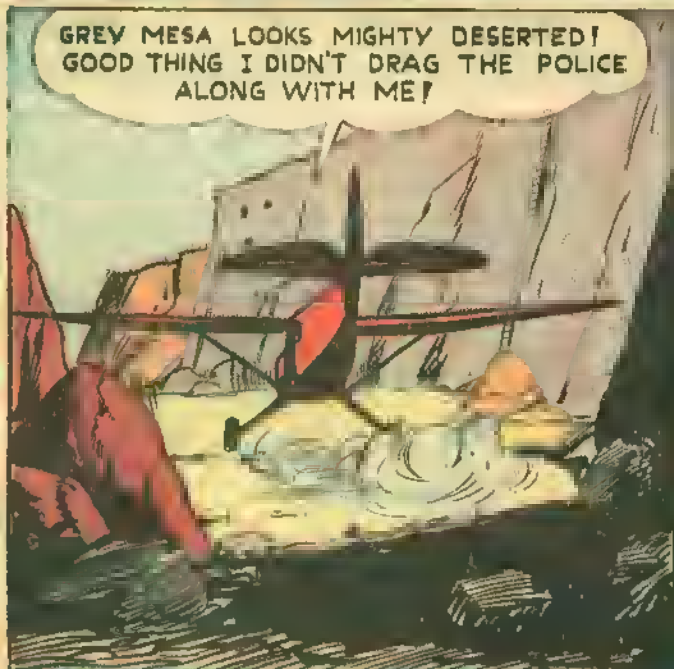


RICK RACES WESTWARD
IN HIS PRIVATE PLANE.

PRETTY CLEVER PLACE
TO HIDE MISS BANKER...
NO ONE'S VISITED THE
DWELLINGS IN YEARS!



GREY MESA LOOKS MIGHTY DESERTED!
GOOD THING I DIDN'T DRAG THE POLICE
ALONG WITH ME!



I BETTER BE CAREFUL! THESE
MODERN CLIFF DWELLERS WON'T
WELCOME VISITORS!



BUT SOON... HIGH ON THE CLIFF...

OH!
HELP!

QUIET! FOR PETE'S
SAKE!

I CAME
TO HELP!

I'M SORRY!
I WAS STARTLED

WHAT'S UP?

YIPE! THIS THROW BETTER
BE GOOD... OR I'LL BE
FOOD FOR THE BUZZARDS!

RICK AVERTS A PLUNGE
TO THE ROCKS BELOW
WITH A LIGHTNING LIKE
FLICK OF HIS LASSO!

SNOOPER, HEY? WE'LL MAKE
YOUR VISIT MIGHTY BRIEF!

MADE IT!

OH, HE'S
WONDERFUL!

HE'LL BE A WONDERFUL
MESS IN A MINUTE!

YOU LADS AREN'T
EXACTLY HOSPITABLE,
SO I'LL HAVE TO
INVITE MYSELF!

MY, THE MOUNTAIN AIR IS INVIGORATING!
DOESN'T IT FILL YOU WITH PEP?

OOF!

WHEN A BODY MEETS A
BODY? DUM-DEE-DUM-DEE-
DUM!

SINGIN' SONGS, EH?
GET READY FOR A
LULLABY!

THERE! THAT'LL ROCK YOU
TO SLEEP!

OH!

OH! YOU'VE
KILLED HIM!

NAW, HE'S TOO
TOUGH! STEP
ASIDE WHILE I TIE
HIM UP!

THIS MAKES GETTING
SLUGGED ENJOYABLE!

WHO ARE YOU?

THANK HEAVENS!
HE'S COMING TO!

AW,
CUT OUT THE
SOFT STUFF! THIS
AIN'T NO NURSERY!

WOTSA MATTER,
SNAKE... JEALOUS?

YEAH! SNAKE'S
FALLIN' FOR
DA DAME!

SHUDDUR
MUGS!

QUESTION No. 10. "When a body meets a body" is a line from what old song?

JUST CALL ME RICK! HOW ABOUT
A DATE TOMORROW NIGHT?

DELIGHTED!
BUT...

BREAK IT UP! THIS AIN'T THE
TUNNEL OF LOVE! COME
ON, YOU... WERE GOIN'
UPSTAIRS.



WOULD EIGHT O'CLOCK, NO,
BE TOO EARLY, ANN? PERFECT,
RICK.

FOR BEIN' SUCH A WISE GUY
YOU GET A SLOW DEATH...
FROM HUNGER AND THIRST!

THERE GOES YOUR ROPE!
EVEN IF YDU BUST YOUR
BONDS, YOU CAN'T GET
OOWN, 'CAUSE I'M TAKIN'
THE LADDERS, TOO!

YOU MUST BE OUTTA
YOUR HEAD! YOU AIN'T
COMIN' DOWN FROM
THIS CLIFF!

THANKS, OL' PAL! I'LL
DO THE SAME FOR YOU
SOME TIME!

OH, BROTHER.
NOW WHAT?



ANN RUSHES TO SNAKE ON HIS RETURN.

LET HIM GO! I'LL
PAY ANYTHING!

AW! DON'T GET EXCITED
OVER THAT DOPE!



YOU'RE KINDA CUTE, KID!
YOU'D MAKE A TERRIFIC
MRS. SNAKE LIMBUgger!

FREE RICK, AND
I'LL GIVE YOU
THE COMBI-
NATION TO MY
SAFE! YOU'LL BE
ABLE TO TAKE ANY-
THING..CASH, JEWELS!



HERE IT IS!

THANKS, KID,
BUT I GOT A
BETTER IDEA!

WITH MY BRAINS AND
YOUR MONEY WE COULD
RUN EVERY RACKET IN
THE COUNTRY! WHAT
DO YOU SAY?

I SAY FREE
RICK...AND LET
ME ALONE!

C'MON BABY... HOWSABOUT
A KISS?

THIS IS THE
BEST I CAN
DO!

SMACK!

OWW!

HAW/HAW! WAIT TILL
THE GANG HEARS ABOUT
THIS!

I DON'T TAKE
THAT FROM NO-
BODY! YOU'RE
THROUGH, SISTER!

SOON-

SO LONG, TOOTS!
THE COMBINATION TO
YOUR SAFE IS WORTH MORE
THAN THE RANSOM, ANYHOW!

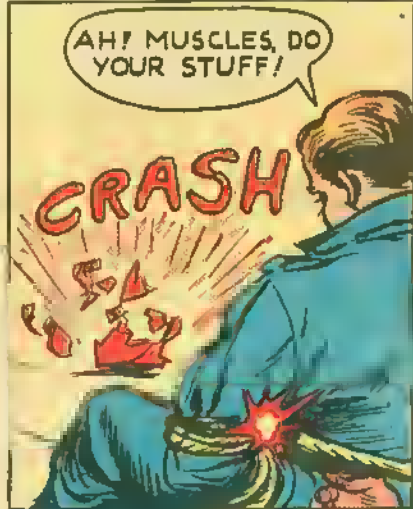
THIS BLAST'LL MAKE THE
WHOLE CLIFF SLIDE IN---
THERE WON'T BE ANY
EVIDENCE LEFT!

THAT FUSE IS
PLENTY LONG---
WE'LL BE MILES
AWAY BEFORE
IT HITS!

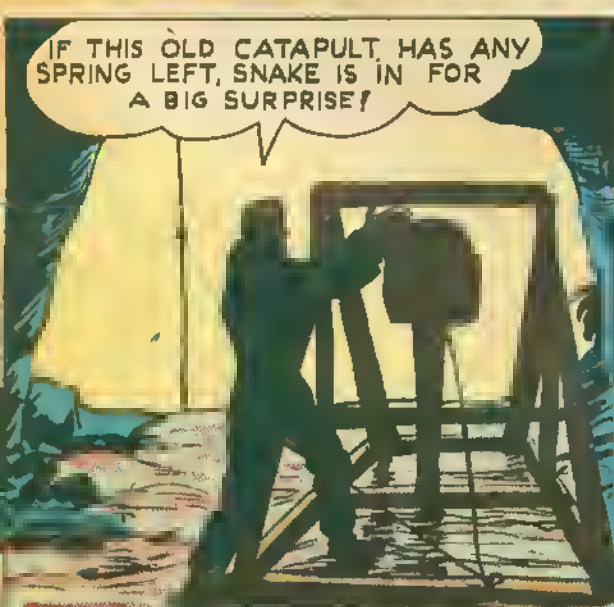
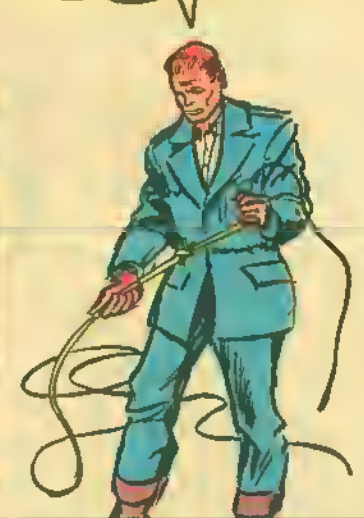
MEANWHILE... RICK KICKS OVER A PIECE OF POTTERY.



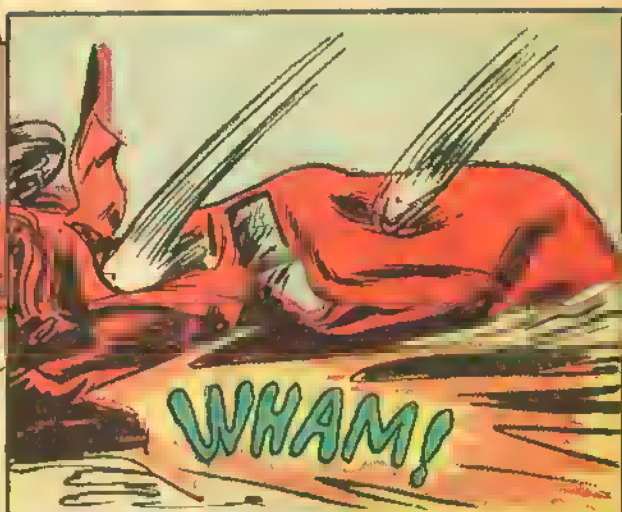
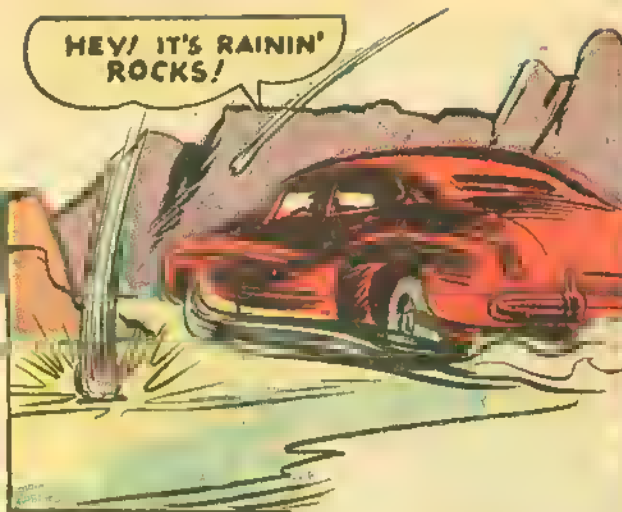
AS ALWAYS, A SUDDEN LOUD NOISE STIMULATES RICK'S ADRENAL GLANDS, GIVING HIM IMMEASURABLE STRENGTH.



Snake was too dumb to realize I could tie up my bonds to make a rope!



HEY! IT'S RAININ' ROCKS!



OW! ME LEG IS BUSTED! I CAN'T WALK!

SNAKE! THE CLIFF! IT'LL FALL ON US!



NO! HELP! STOP THE EXPLOSION! WE'LL BE BURIED ALIVE!



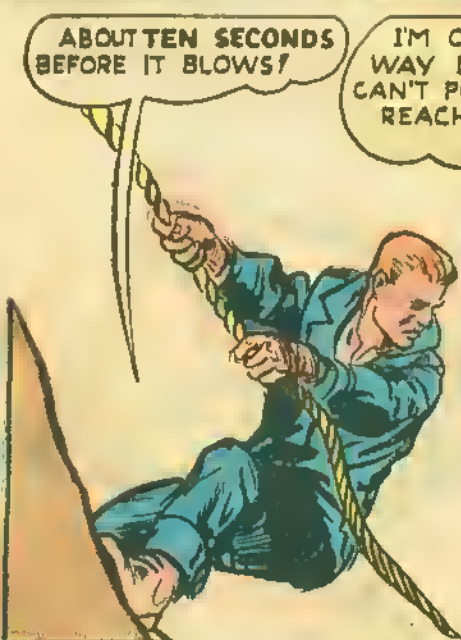
DYNAMITE DUE TO BLOW-STOP IT!

THE FOOLS! HOW CAN I STOP IT NOW?



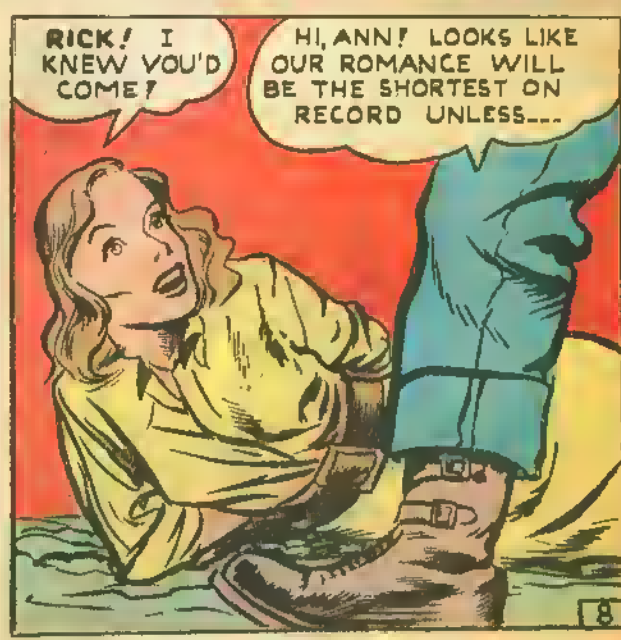
ABOUTTEN SECONDS BEFORE IT BLOWS!

I'M ONLY HALF-WAY DOWN! I CAN'T POSSIBLY REACH IT!



RICK! I KNEW YOU'D COME!

HI, ANN! LOOKS LIKE OUR ROMANCE WILL BE THE SHORTEST ON RECORD UNLESS----



... I CAN BREAK OPEN THIS
CATCH POOL AND DRENCH
THE FUSE!

THE PRETTIEST WATERFALL
I'VE EVER SEEN...ONLY
HURRY!

THE WATER POURS DOWN
THE CLIFF JUST IN TIME!



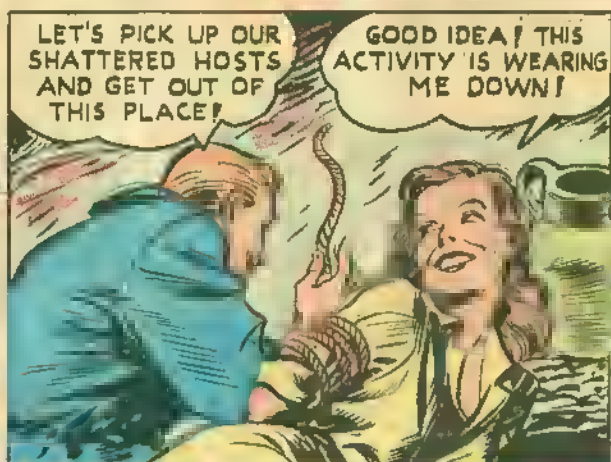
HURRAY! WE'RE
SAVED!

YEAH...TO SPEND
THE REST OF OUR
LIVES IN JAIL.



LET'S PICK UP OUR
SHATTERED HOSTS
AND GET OUT OF
THIS PLACE!

GOOD IDEA! THIS
ACTIVITY IS WEARING
ME DOWN!



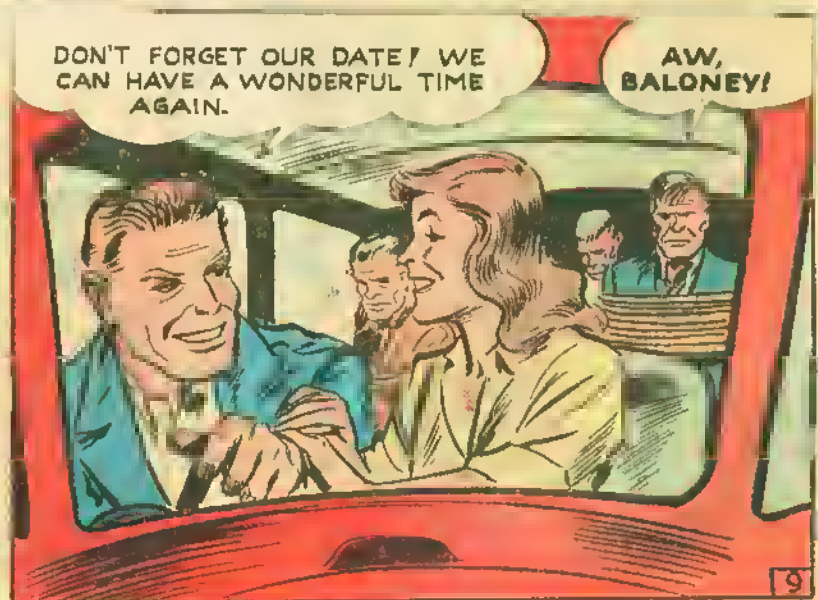
SOON...

BYE-BYE, GREY MESA! I
HAD A WONDERFUL TIME!



DON'T FORGET OUR DATE! WE
CAN HAVE A WONDERFUL TIME
AGAIN.

AW,
BALONEY!



BLUEBOLTS and NUTS

MY BROTHER WENT TO COLLEGE, STUPID!

YEAH, 'N' HE CAME BACK THE SAME WAY, TOO!!

CAN YOU DESCRIBE WHAT NOTHING IS??

SURE! IT'S WHAT MOST PEOPLE KNOW MORE ABOUT THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD!

READ
TARGET
COMICS
FOR THE
BEST IN
COMICS...

SMACK

Milt HAMMER

WHY DO YOU SAY THERE CAN NEVER BE A WHOLE DAY?

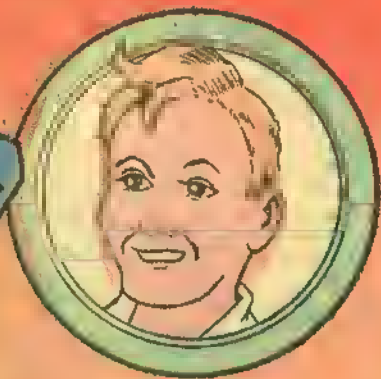
'CAUSE IT ALWAYS BEGINS BY BREAKING!

SCRATCH

HOW COULD YOU FLUNK SPELLING IF YOU GOT AN "A" IN IT?

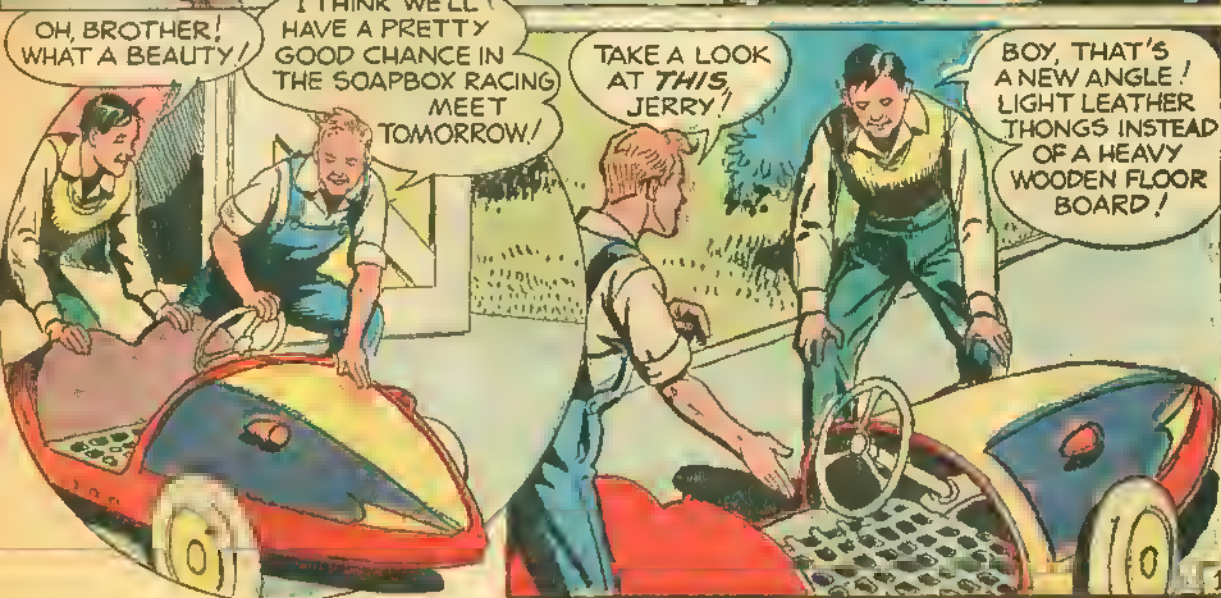
'CAUSE THERE'S NO "A" IN SPELLING!

Edison Bell



COME ON,
JERRY, WE'RE
ALL SET TO
ROLL 'ER OUT!

HMM, THIS
I GOTTA
SEE!



OH, BROTHER!
WHAT A BEAUTY!

I THINK WE'LL
HAVE A PRETTY
GOOD CHANCE IN
THE SOAPBOX RACING
MEET
TOMORROW!

TAKE A LOOK
AT *THIS*,
JERRY!

BOY, THAT'S
A NEW ANGLE!
LIGHT LEATHER
THONGS INSTEAD
OF A HEAVY
WOODEN FLOOR
BOARD!

WHAT SAY
TO A TRIAL
RUN DOWN
HICKSON HILL,
JERRY?

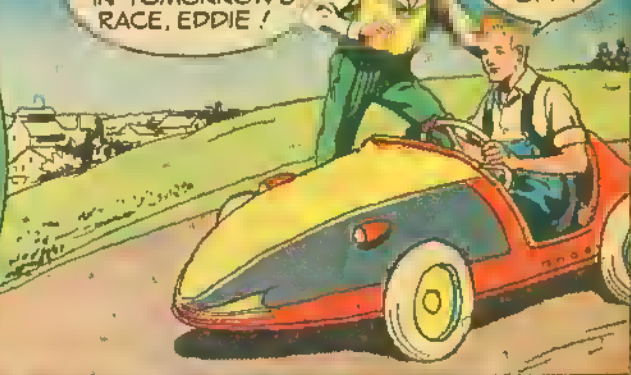
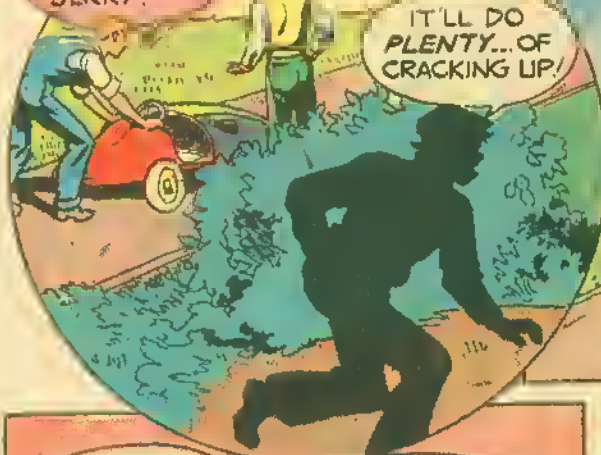
SWELL! I'D LIKE
TO SEE WHAT
THIS BUGGY CAN
DO!

IT'LL DO
PLENTY...OF
CRACKING UP!

SOON, ON HICKSON HILL....

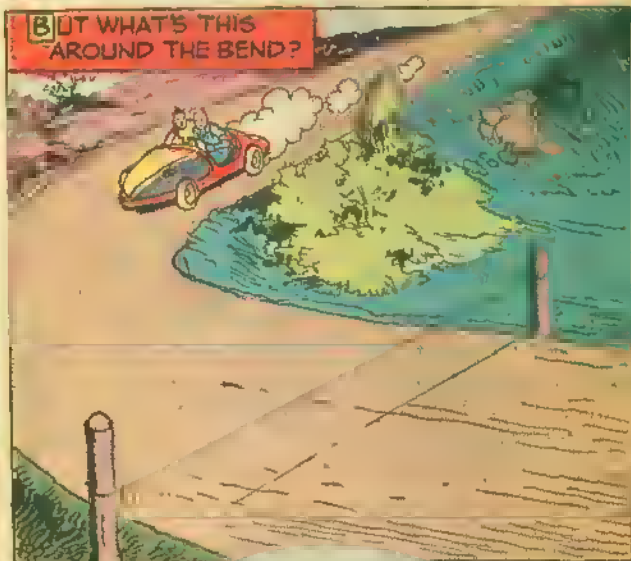
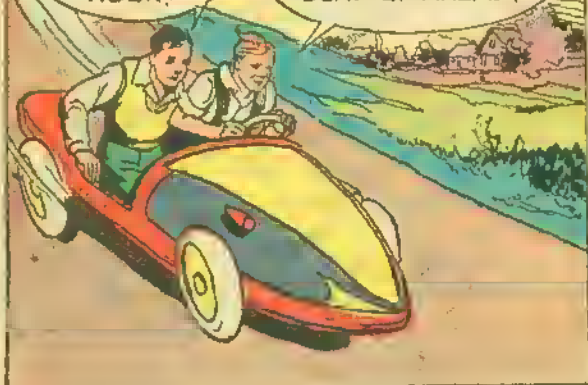
THIS LL BE THE
STARTING LINE
IN TOMORROW'S
RACE, EDDIE!

RIGHT!
OKAY.
SHOVE
OFF!



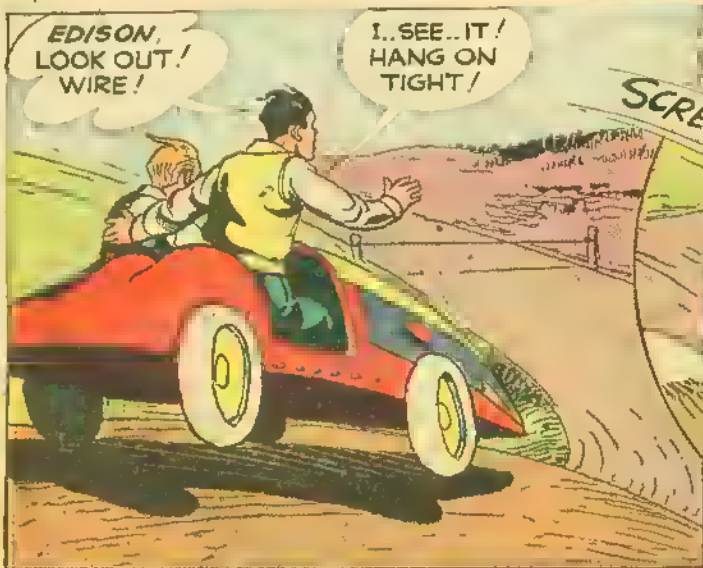
I BET SHE'S
DOING THIRTY
MILES AN
HOUR!

WE'LL HIT
TOP SPEED JUST
AROUND BLIND-BLUFF
BEND UP AHEAD!



EDISON,
LOOK OUT!
WIRE!

I..SEE..IT!
HANG ON
TIGHT!



SCREECH!

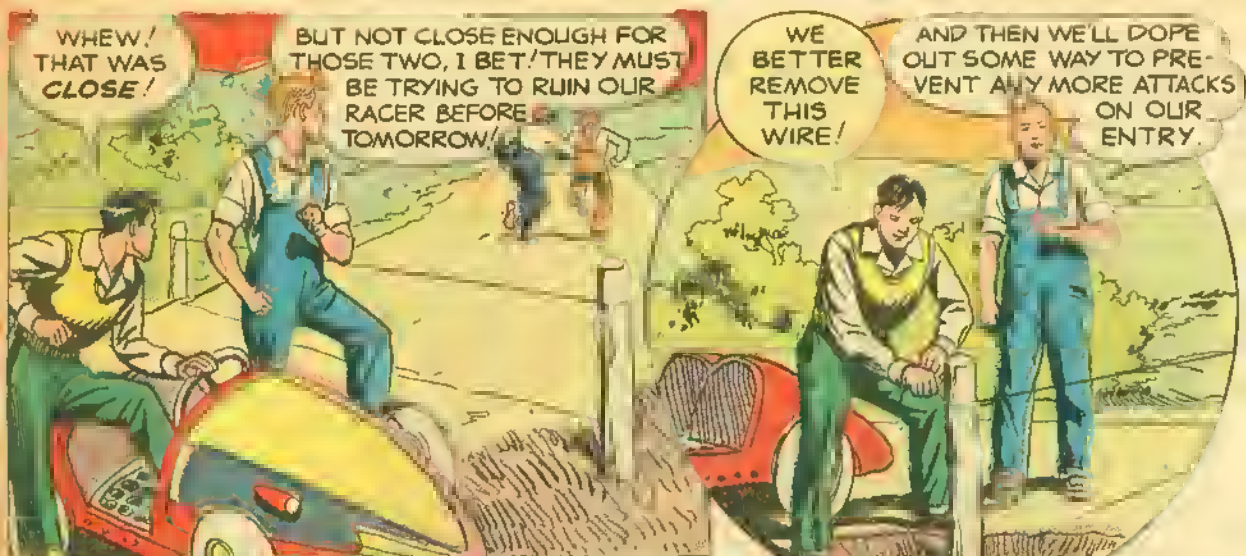


WHEW!
THAT WAS
CLOSE!

BUT NOT CLOSE ENOUGH FOR
THOSE TWO, I BET! THEY MUST
BE TRYING TO RUIN OUR
RACER BEFORE
TOMORROW!

WE
BETTER
REMOVE
THIS
WIRE!

AND THEN WE'LL DOPE
OUT SOME WAY TO PRE-
VENT ANY MORE ATTACKS
ON OUR
ENTRY.



LATE THAT AFTERNOON

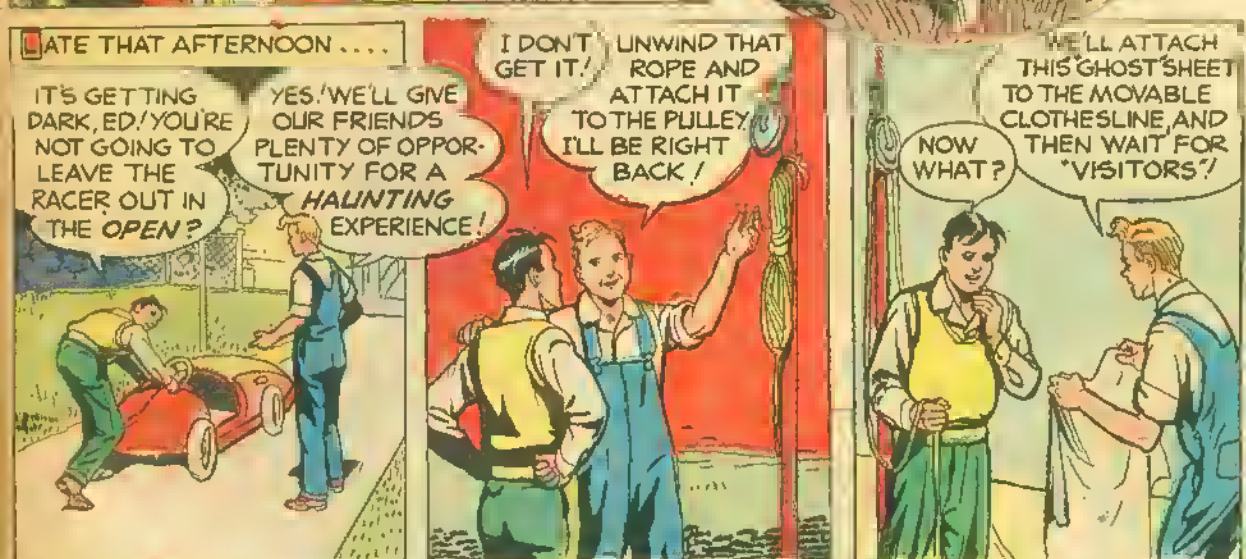
IT'S GETTING
DARK, ED! YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO
LEAVE THE
RACER OUT IN
THE OPEN?

YES! WE'LL GIVE
OUR FRIENDS
PLENTY OF OPPOR-
TUNITY FOR A
HAUNTING
EXPERIENCE!

I DON'T
GET IT! UNWIND THAT
ROPE AND
ATTACH IT
TO THE PULLEY!
I'LL BE RIGHT
BACK!

WE'LL ATTACH
THIS GHOST SHEET
TO THE MOVABLE
CLOTHESLINE, AND
THEN WAIT FOR
"VISITORS"!

NOW
WHAT?

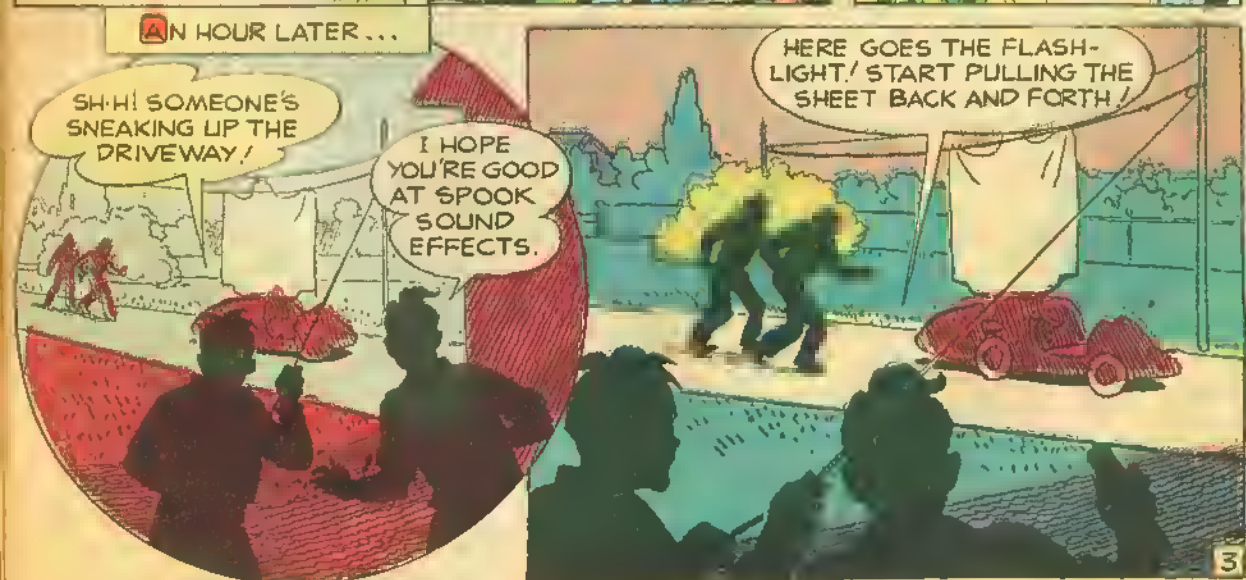


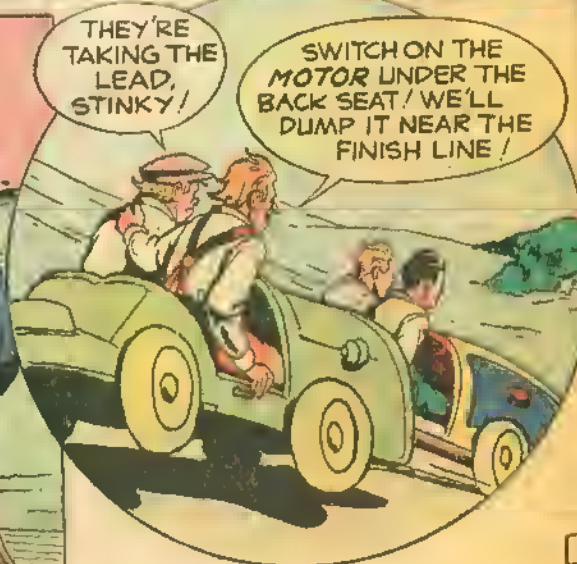
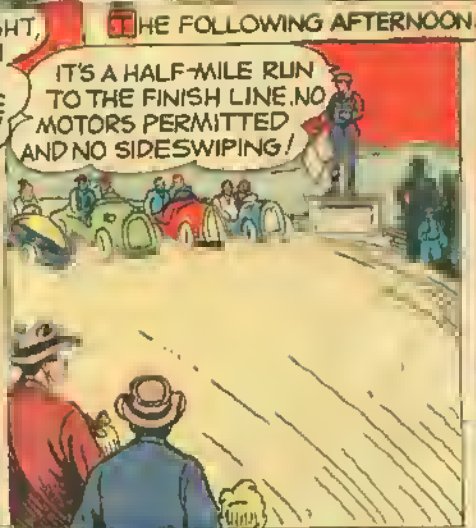
AN HOUR LATER ...

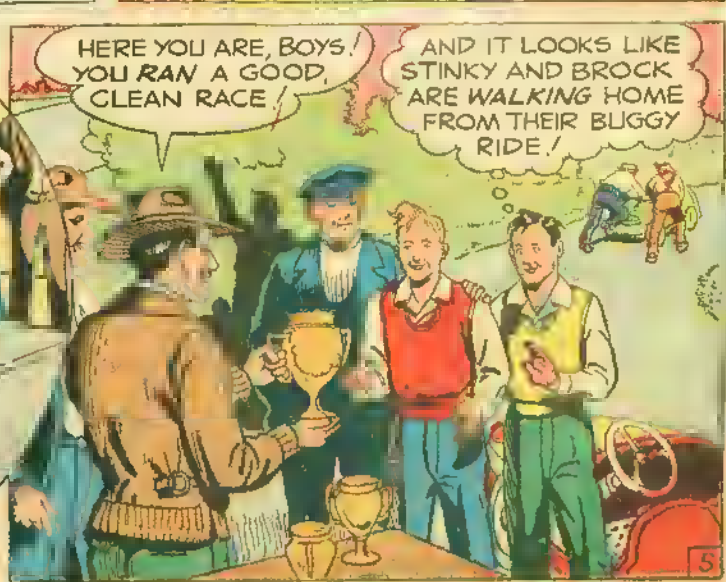
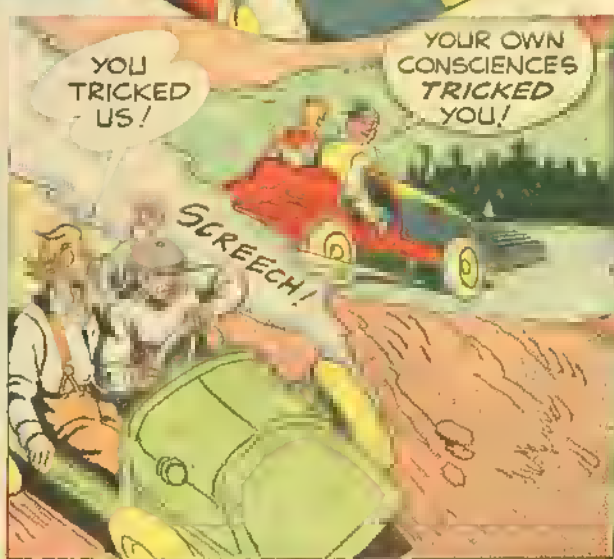
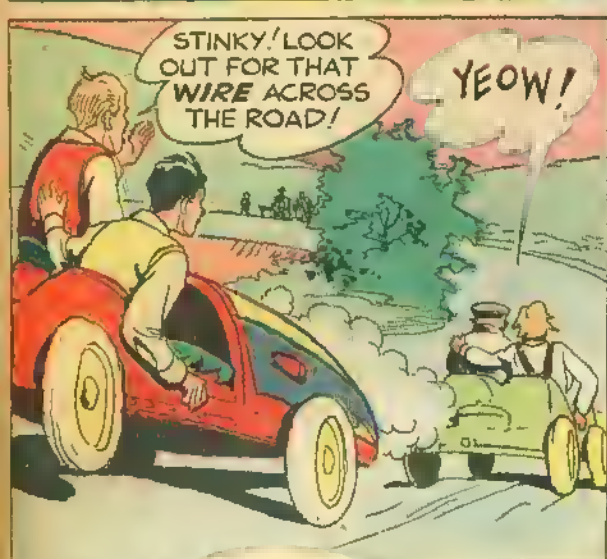
SH-H! SOMEONE'S
SNEAKING UP THE
DRIVEWAY!

I HOPE
YOU'RE GOOD
AT SPOOK
SOUND
EFFECTS.

HERE GOES THE FLASH-
LIGHT! START PULLING THE
SHEET BACK AND FORTH!







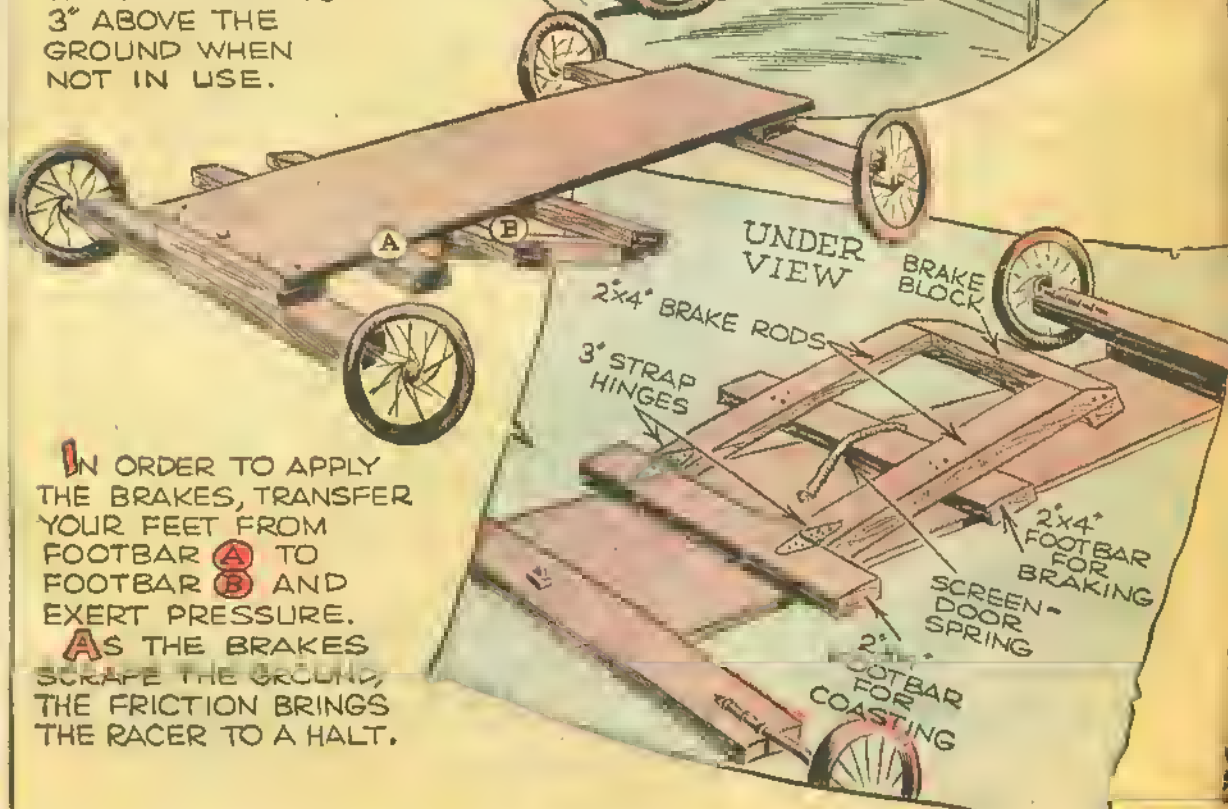
HOW TO CONSTRUCT A DRAG BRAKE for YOUR SOAPBOX RACER

BY
TEX
BLAISDELL

THE OFFICIAL RULES OF THE AMERICAN SOAPBOX DERBY SPECIFY THAT EVERY RACER HAVE A GOOD SET OF BRAKES. THIS DOUBLE DRAG BRAKE IS RECOMMENDED FOR ITS SMOOTH AND EFFICIENT ACTION.

IN ADDITION, THIS BRAKE MAY BE CONSTRUCTED CHEAPLY and EASILY and MAY BE MADE TO FIT ANY RACER BY PLANNING THE DIMENSIONS ACCORDINGLY.

USE GOOD 2"x4" STOCK and ADJUST THE SPRING SO THE BRAKE HANGS 3" ABOVE THE GROUND WHEN NOT IN USE.



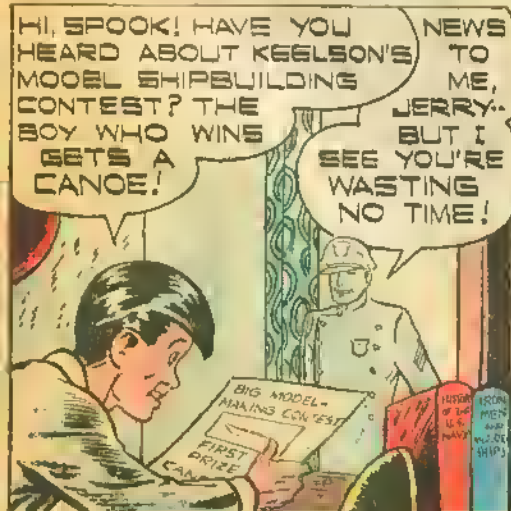
IN ORDER TO APPLY THE BRAKES, TRANSFER YOUR FEET FROM FOOTBAR **A** TO FOOTBAR **B** AND EXERT PRESSURE.

AS THE BRAKES SCRAPE THE GROUND, THE FRICTION BRINGS THE RACER TO A HALT.

Sergeant Spook

“OLD IRONSIDES,”
PUTTING OUT TO
SEA, SALUTES
SERGEANT SPOOK
AND JERRY FOR
A JOB WELL DONE!

Art by
DON
TRICO



HI, SPOOK! HAVE YOU
HEARD ABOUT KEELSON'S
MODEL SHIPBUILDING
CONTEST? THE
BOY WHO WINS
GETS A
CANOE!

NEWS
TO
ME,
JERRY.

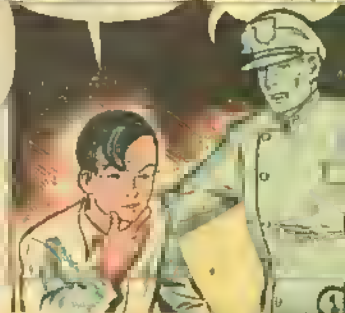
BUT I
SEE YOU'RE
WASTING
NO TIME!

NO SIREE!
THAT CANOE
WILL COME
IN MIGHTY
HANDY ON
THE LAKE
THIS
SUMMER!

HOW ABOUT
YOUR FRIEND
BILLY WALSH,
THE KID WHO
WAS HURT IN
AN AUTO
ACCIDENT
LAST YEAR?
IS HE
ENTERING THE
CONTEST, TOO?

GEE... I DON'T
KNOW! BUT
I'O SURE
LIKE TO
SEE HIM
HAVE SOME
FUN!

WELL,
WHAT
DO YOU
SAY WE
DROP
IN ON
HIM?



AND SO
SERGEANT
SPOOK
AND
JERRY
PAY A
VISIT
TO
BILLY
WALKER.

WHAT HAS
THE OOC SAID
LATELY, BILLY?
DO YOU THINK YOU'LL
BE BACK AT SCHOOL
THIS YEAR?

MAYBE--IF THE NEXT
OPERATION WORKS! I-I MIGHT
EVEN BE ABLE TO PLAY
BALL AGAIN!

YOU MIGHT GET
SOME EXERCISE
SOONER THAN
YOU THINK--
PADDLING, I
MEAN! HERE--
READ ABOUT
THIS CONTEST!

GOSH!
I
WOULDN'T
HAVE TO
USE MY
LEGS MUCH
IN A
CANOE!

B-BUT I DON'T KNOW
ANYTHING ABOUT
BUILDING SHIP
MODELS!

DON'T
WORRY,

BILLY--I'LL
FIGURE OUT SOMETHING!
I'VE GOT TO LEAVE
NOW! SEE YOU
SOON!

LET'S TAKE A LOOK
AROUND MR. PLANK'S
LUMBER YARD,
SPOOK!

GOOD
IDEA!

I'LL GIVE
YOU FIVE
DOLLARS
IF YOU'LL
MAKE A
MODEL FOR
ME!

IM! THAT
SOUNDS
LIKE
WALKER
PLANK!

HORN HIM'S
NOT GIVING
HIS DAD MORE
TROUBLE! I'O
BETTER SEE
WHAT HE'S
UP TO!

I'M GETTING
POOR MARKS
IN HISTORY
AND I WANT
TO GIVE
THE MODEL
TO MY
TEACHER!

AVAST YE,
SON! I'LL
MAKE IT FOR
NOTHING, CEPT,
THAT IS, A
GOOD WORD
ABOUT ME
TO YOUR
FATHER!

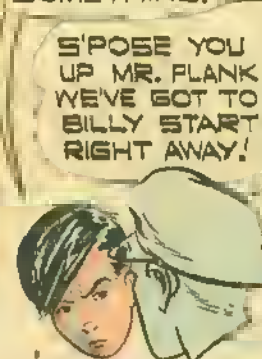
WELL, WELL
SO
WALKER
SWING-
ING A
DEAL
WITH
THAT OLD
WIND-
JAMMER

I THINK WALKER PLANK HAS IDEAS ABOUT WINNING THAT CONTEST, JERRY!

RIGHT, SPOOK. HE'S NOT EVEN TAKING HISTORY AT SCHOOL THIS YEAR!



DAN COWELL'S A MIGHTY GOOD MODEL-MAKER, AND WALKER'LL SURELY WIN IF WE DON'T DO SOMETHING!



S'POSE YOU HUNT UP MR. PLANK! WE'VE GOT TO GET BILLY STARTED RIGHT AWAY!

AT MR. PLANK'S OFFICE---

GEE, THANKS, MR. PLANK! BILLY WILL SURELY APPRECIATE YOUR KINDNESS!

NOT AT ALL, JERRY. TAKE ALL THE SCRAPS YOU WANT! TOO BAD MY BOY

WALKER DOESN'T EVER THINK OF ANYONE BESIDES HIMSELF!



DURING SCHOOL LUNCH HOUR THE NEXT DAY, JERRY'S SUSPICIONS ARE CONFIRMED.

HAW! I'VE PRACTICALLY WON THAT CANOE RIGHT NOW! YOU SHOULD SEE THE MODEL I'M MAKING!

IF ONLY SPOOK HAS A PLAN, WE'LL TAKE THE WIND OUT OF HIS SAILS!



THAT EVENING, IN JERRY'S ROOM--

THOSE BOOKS GIVE ME AN IDEA, JERRY! WE'LL VISIT THE MEN WHO COMMANDED "OLD IRONSIDES"!

HOT ZIGGITY! BET THEY CAN HELP US OUT!



ARRIVING AT GHOST TOWN, JERRY AND SERGEANT SPOOK BOARD THE **U.S.S. CONSTITUTION**, BETTER KNOWN AS "OLD IRONSIDES."

HELLO, COMMODORE PREBLE! I'VE BROUGHT A YOUNG FRIEND OF MINE TO TALK OVER A PROBLEM WITH YOU!

FINE! FINE! I'LL INTRODUCE HIM TO FOUR OF THE OFFICERS WHO FOUGHT UNDER ME IN THE WAR WITH TRIPOLI!

YIPE! IT'S COMMODORE EDWARD PREBLE!



CAPTAINS HULL, STEWART, DECATUR, AND MACDONOUGH, JERRY! GENTLEMEN, THIS IS JERRY—HE'D LIKE SOME IDEAS ON HOW TO BUILD A SHIP MODEL!

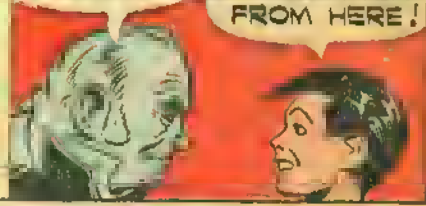
G-GOSH! ALL THESE MEN COMMAND "OLD IRONSIDES" AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER!



ISAAC HULL, COMMANDER OF THE *CONSTITUTION* IN HER VICTORY OVER THE BRITISH FRIGATE *GUERRIERE*, TELLS JERRY SOMETHING ABOUT THE SHIP.

SHE WAS BUILT RIGHT HERE IN BOSTON, JERRY, NEAR WHAT IS NOW *CONSTITUTION PARK*!

COMMODORE PREBLE TELLS ME THAT'S ONLY JUST ACROSS THE BAY FROM HERE!



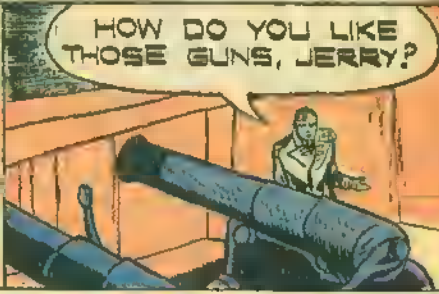
NEXT, JERRY SPEAKS TO CAPTAIN CHARLES STEWART, WHO DEFEATED THE BRITISH WARSHIPS *CYANE* AND *LEVANT*.

THE BEST MATERIALS WERE USED IN BUILDING HER—LIVE OAK TIMBERS, RED CEDAR, AND HARD PINE—

THAT KIND OF WOOD IS HARD TO GET NOWADAYS, ISN'T IT?



A VISIT TO THE GUN DECK WITH STEPHEN DECATUR, HERO OF THE BURNING OF THE *PHILADELPHIA*!



HOW DO YOU LIKE THOSE GUNS, JERRY?

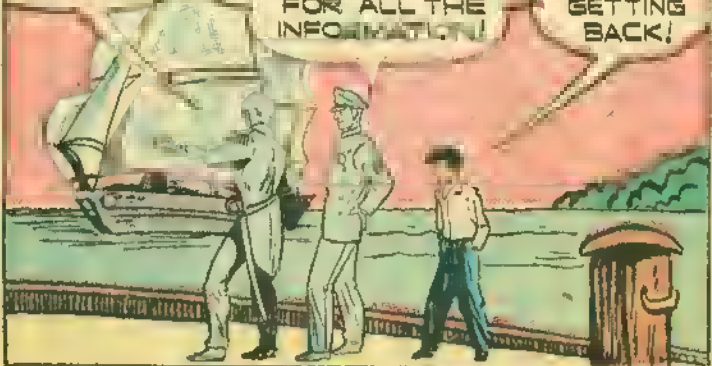


BET THEY CAN STILL MAKE A LOT OF RACKET!

THERE SHE IS, LAUNCHED IN 1797, AND STILL HALE AND HEARTY!

THANK YOU, CAPTAIN MACDONOUGH, AND THE REST OF YOU GENTLEMEN FOR ALL THE INFORMATION!

HATE TO GO, BUT I GUESS WE'D BETTER BE GETTING BACK!



BACK AT BILLY'S HOUSE...

HI, BILLY! WE'RE ALL SET! YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE A MODEL OF THE *CONSTITUTION*! I HAVE THE PLANS RIGHT HERE!

GOSH! I WAS WONDERING WHERE YOU'D GONE!



YOU'VE GOT TO WORK FAST AND DO YOUR VERY BEST! OTHERWISE WALKER PLANK WILL WIN. HE'S CHEATING BY HAVING DAN OOWEL MAKE HIS MODEL!

WON'T I BE CHEATING, THEN, BY USING THIS PLAN?

NOPE... CONTEST RULES SAY THAT IT'S OKAY TO USE SOMEONE ELSE'S PLANS AND ADVICE... BUT THE ACTUAL WORK MUST BE DONE BY THE BOY HIMSELF!

I'D BETTER FIND OUT HOW OAN OOWEL'S COMING ALONG. SEE YOU LATER, JERRY!



SPOOK PAYS A VISIT TO OAN'S SHACK ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE LUMBER YARD.

HEIGH HO! AS TRIM A CRAFT AS I EVER OIO SEE! NOW TO GIVE HER A SUIT OF SAILS!

THAT CRAFT'S TOO TRIM FOR CRAFTY WALKER PLANK!

I'VE GOT TO FIX THOSE SAILS!

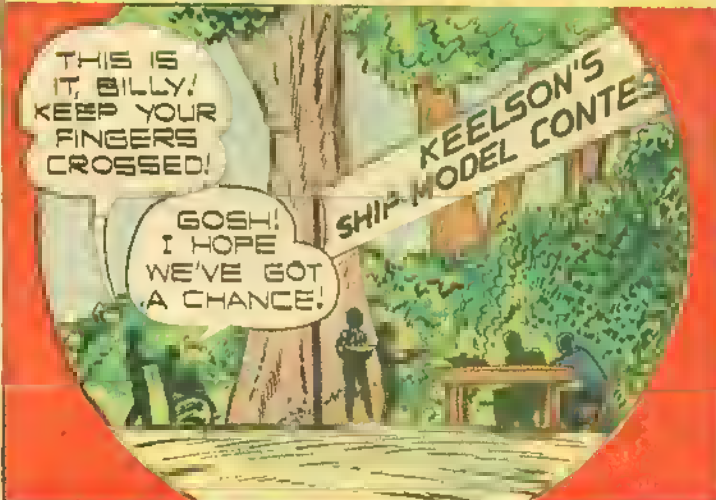


THE DAY OF THE BIG CONTEST!

THIS IS IT, BILLY! KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED!

GOSH! I HOPE WE'VE GOT A CHANCE!

KEELSON'S SHIP MODEL CONTEST



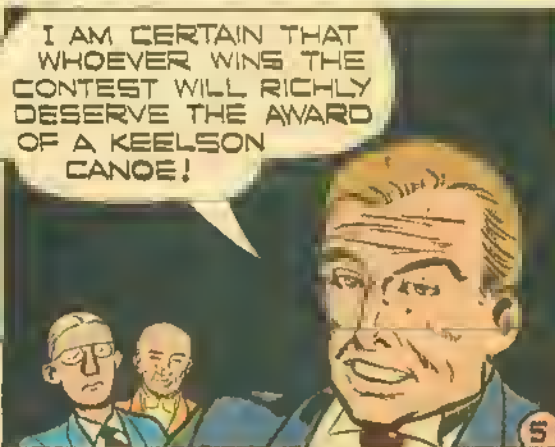
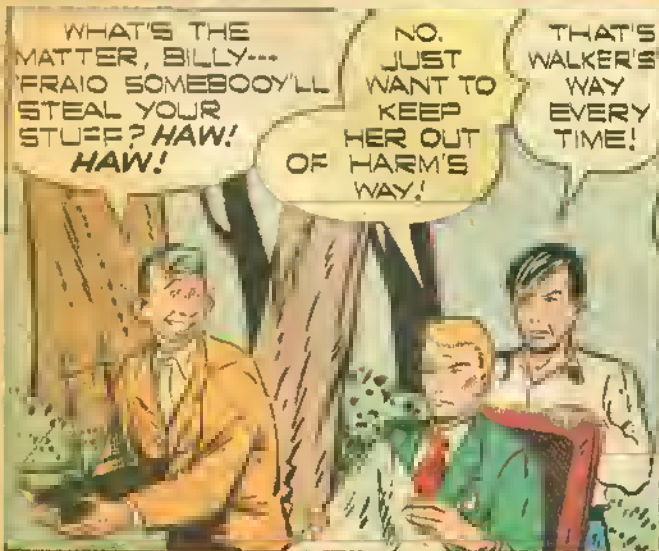
WHAT'S THE MATTER, BILLY... FRAID SOMEBODY'LL STEAL YOUR STUFF? HAW! HAW!

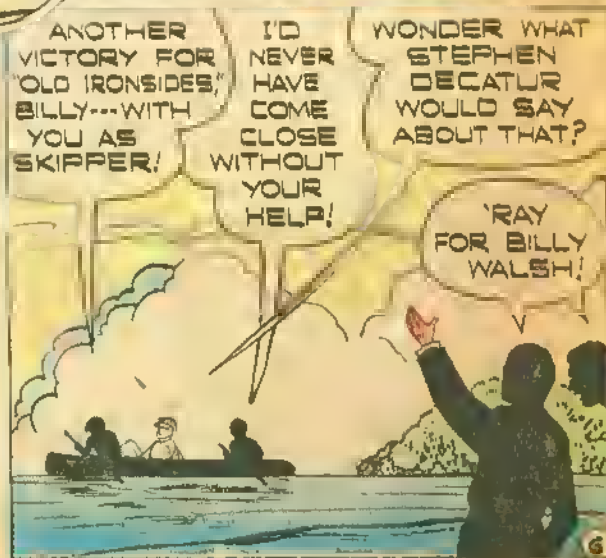
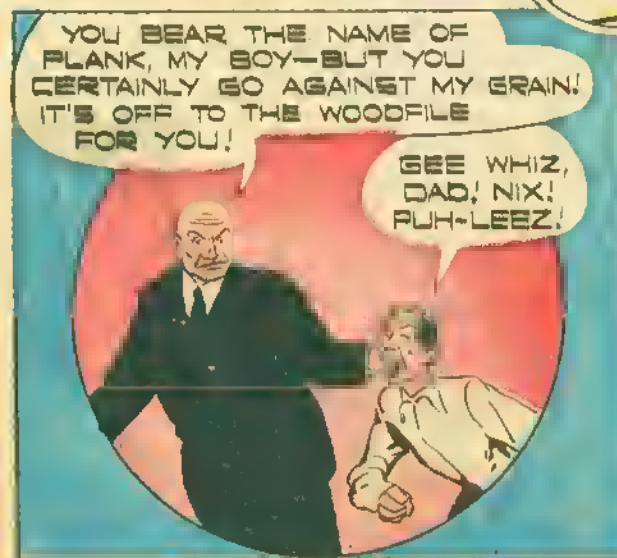
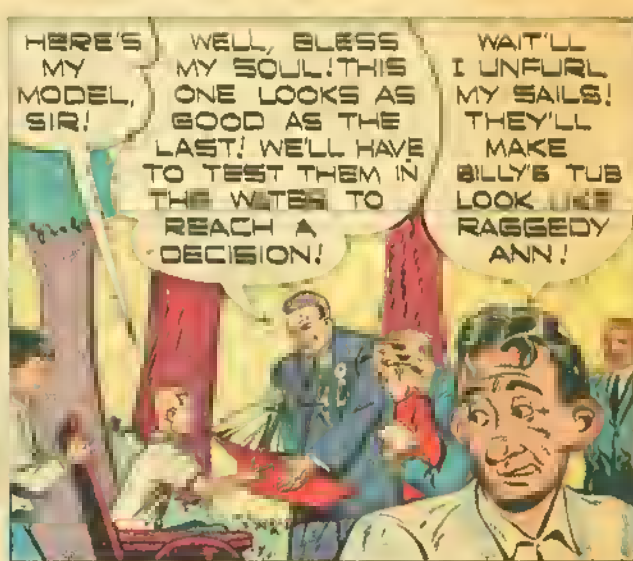
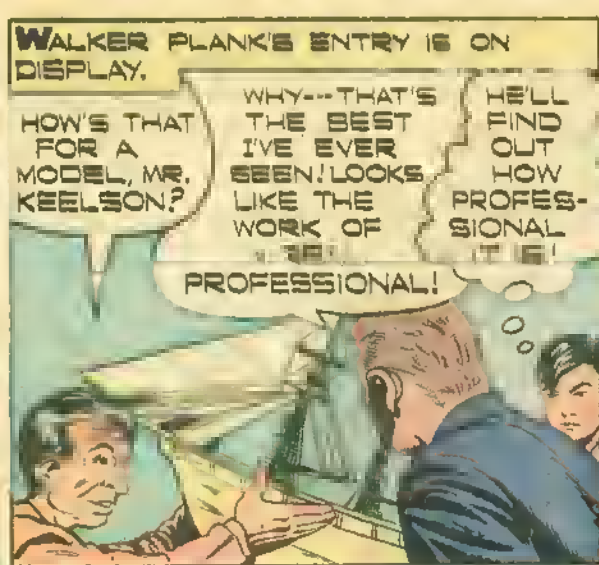
NO. JUST WANT TO KEEP HER OUT OF HARM'S WAY!

THAT'S WALKER'S WAY EVERY TIME!

MMR KEELSON HEAD OF THE KEELSON BOAT WORKS AND CHIEF JUDGE OF THE CONTEST, SPEAKS.

I AM CERTAIN THAT WHOEVER WINS THE CONTEST WILL RICHLY DESERVE THE AWARD OF A KEELSON CANOE!





BLUEBOLTS and NUTS



© by
MILF HAMMER.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN,
I SHOULDN'T LOSE
MY TEMPER?

'CAUSE NOBODY
ELSE WANTS
IT!!!

I WONDER WHY THEY
MEASURE SPEED ON
THE OCEAN IN KNOTS
INSTEAD OF MILES?

MAYBE 'CAUSE
THEY'VE GOT TO
HAVE THE OCEAN
TIDE!!

HIT
THE
TARGET
WITH
TARGET
COMICS

I PICK MY
FRIENDS!

YEAH-TO
PIECES!

I WONDER WHY
POETS ALWAYS
SPEAK OF THE
MOON AS BEING
SILVER?

MAYBE 'CAUSE
OF ITS
QUARTERS
AND
HALVES!!

MIL HAMMER

BLUE BOLT



HEY, GANG!
See the Official U.S. ARMY OFFICER'S
COMPASS I got on this
WAR SURPLUS CLOSE-OUT!

...AND NOW YOU CAN GET YOURS



**a \$4.75 Value for only \$1.49
WHILE THEY LAST...!**

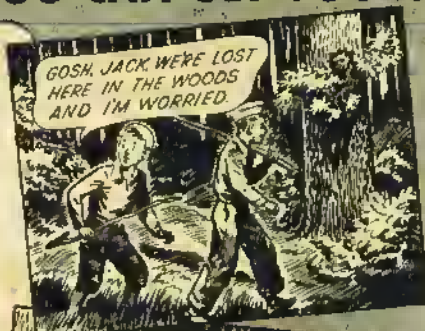
- Break-proof crystal
- Luminous Easy-to-read dial
- Accurate Jewelled needle always points North
- Precision-built by Waltham Watch Company

only \$1.49 FOR THIS \$4.75 VALUE

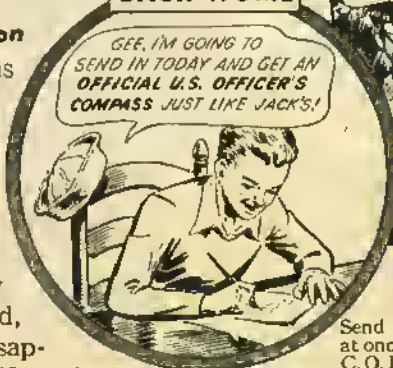
Here is a once-in-a-lifetime offer. A genuine U.S. Army Officer's Compass, precision-built to gov't. specifications by the Waltham Watch Co. Looks like an expensive pocket watch . . . heavy grained bronze case snaps open to a large, easy-to-read luminous dial. Special jewelled needle is guaranteed accurate and protected by breakproof crystal. Points to all directions . . . even at night. Just the thing for hunting, hiking, and all other outdoor activities. Be the first in your gang to carry a genuine U.S. Officer's Compass just like the Officers did.

SEND NO MONEY • Mail Coupon

Just your name and address on coupon is enough. You send nothing . . . you risk nothing. Your genuine U.S. Officer's Compass will be mailed at once. On arrival simply deposit \$1.49 plus C.O.D. postage thru postman. If you are not completely satisfied, return purchase and money will be refunded at once. Supply of this amazing Compass offer is limited, so send your order today. Don't risk disappointment. Order today and be sure. Hurry!



BACK HOME



MAIL COUPON TODAY!

**MILLER AND COMPANY, Dept. 213-P
215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.**

Send me genuine U.S. Officer's Compass at once. I will pay postman only \$1.49 plus C.O.D. postage. If I am not entirely satisfied my money will be returned.

**MILLER AND CO., DEPT. 213-P
215 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1, Ill.**

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Boys! Girls! PRIZES GIVEN

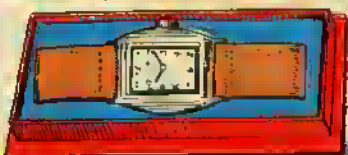


Daisy's "Targeteer" Air Pistol



This swell outfit includes big air pistol, shot and complete target set. Sell one order plus 75c extra.

WRIST WATCH



A beautiful Wrist Watch, suitable for Boys, Girls, Men or Women. Given for selling one order, plus \$1.50 extra.

Chemistry Set

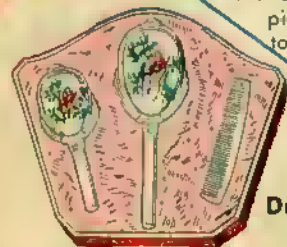


Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments and Magic Book of 50 Mysterious Chemistry Exhibitions. Sell one order.

POCKET WATCH



Standard size American made Pocket Watch with leather Fob. Sell only one order of Xmas Packs

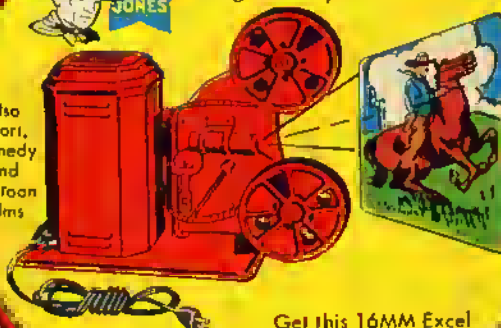


Dresser Set

Full size Comb, Brush and Mirror—beautifully decorated. Sell one order, of Xmas Packs

SHOW HOME MOVIES

Bring Famous Cowboy Stars right into your home.



Also Sport, Comedy and Cartoon Films

Get this 16MM Excel

Projector, including cord and 50 ft. of Cowboy Film. All given. Sell one order plus \$3.50 extra.



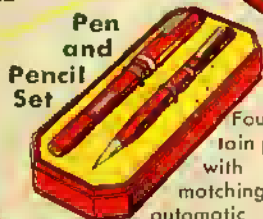
OFFICIAL SIZE FOOTBALL

Given for selling only one order.



SWEETHEART DOLL

Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell one order, of Xmas Packs



Pen and Pencil Set

Fountain pen with matching automatic pencil. Sell one order.



CAMERA With Carrying Case

Takes 16 pictures on each roll of film. Sell one order plus \$1.00 extra.

Campfire Ukulele

Full size. Decorated with

Western scene. Clear mellow tone. Sell only one order.

"Flying Ace"

Ball Bearing Roller Skates for Boys and Girls. Sell one order plus \$1.00 extra.



Famous Texan Jr.

All Metal Cop Pistol with genuine leather Holster and Belt. Sell only one order.

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

MORE PRIZES

shown in our big prize sheet
Roy Rogers Gun
Train and Truck Set
Reflex Camera
Archery Outfit
Overnight Bag
Pool Table
Hunting Knife
Alarm Clock
Wood Burning Set
Fishing Outfit

OUR 29th YEAR

BOYS! GIRLS! Get swell prizes for yourself or gifts for Mother and Dad. Most prizes shown above and many others in our **BIG PRIZE SHEET** are **GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST** for selling 40 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in **BIG PRIZE SHEET**.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends and neighbors. Each pack contains 96 Sparkling Xmas Seals in brilliant colors—a big value. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Sheet.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize Sheet—tell us what prize you want.

SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 599 Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 599 Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of Prize is _____

Name _____

Street Address _____
or R.F.D. Box _____

City _____

State _____